

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

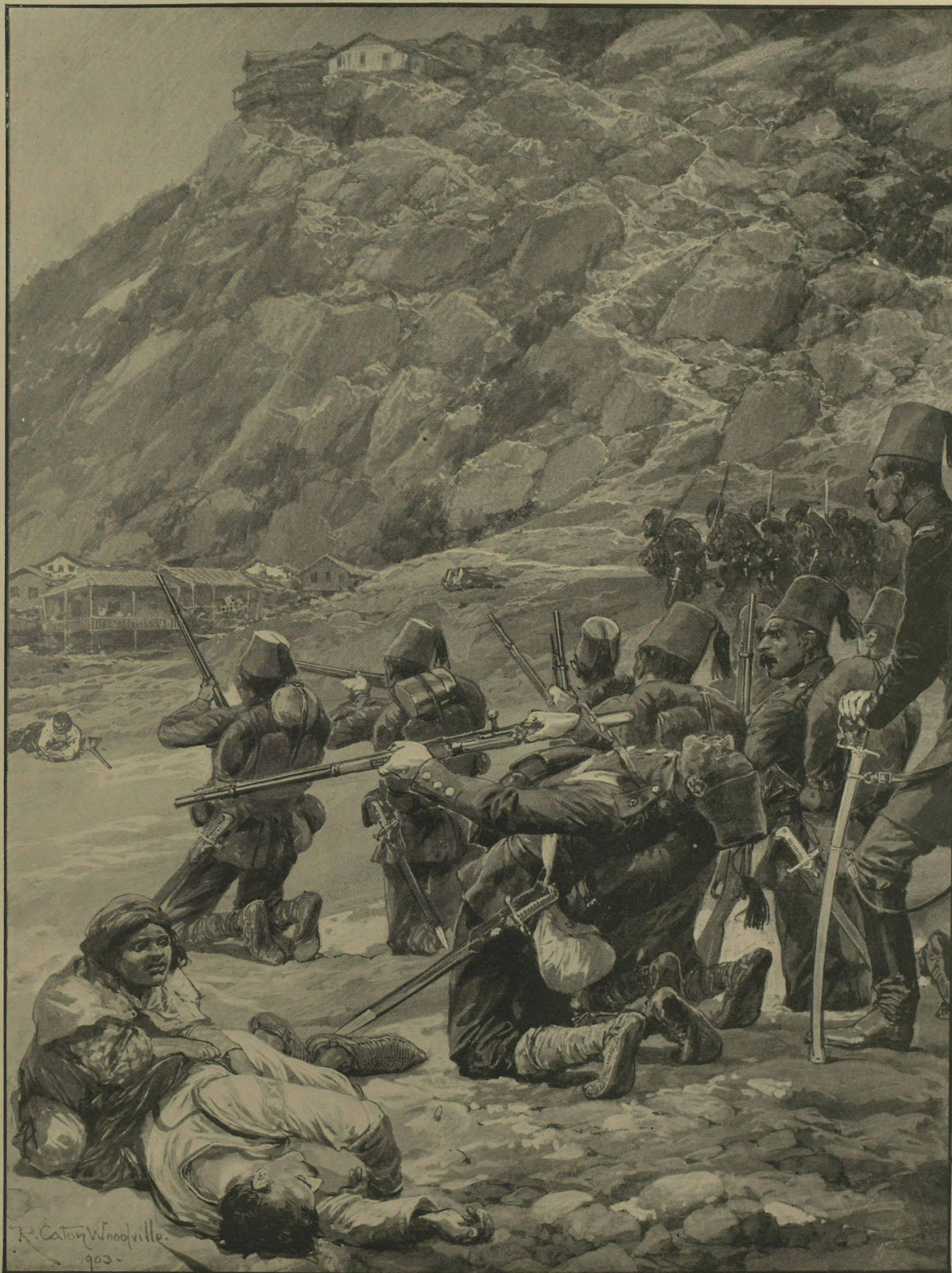
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

SIXPENCE.

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FIRE AND SWORD IN THE BALKANS: AN ATTACK ON A ROUMELIAN VILLAGE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

One has a misgiving now and then that the times we live in are dull. I do not crave for the eighteenth century, in which a man had to be well enough off to wear partridge-coloured silk, and drive about in a glass coach, if he desired comfort. But the years between 1830 and 1850, if we may trust the chronicles, were livelier than ours. I say this without any disrespect to the political situation which is with us just now. Old gentlemen assure me that never in all their born days have they known anything so discreditable as the conduct of this or that set of politicians. I admit that I open my morning paper with a confident expectation that the party system has received another shock; and, sure enough, there it is in the largest type. But somehow this agitation seems to be all on the surface; the deeps of humdrum in our daily existence are not touched. A gentleman on the top of an omnibus this week made a gallant effort to stir them up. He beamed upon the company, and delivered a short address, from which I gathered that he had been reading the Board of Trade statistics. "Maze of figures," he said, with some indistinctness of utterance. "Reg'lar maze; but what I ask is—does England hold her own?" We passed the new Gaiety Theatre, and he caught at it with the instinct of the true orator, "If England don't hold her own, where's your Gaiety?" Here he showed a disposition to branch off into architecture; but the humdrum of the omnibus frowned, and the conductor fiercely bade him to descend.

I have been reading Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's interesting book about Disraeli, and that is why the 'Thirties and the 'Forties shine upon me as entertaining Periods. What adventurous lives our statesmen led then, and what waistcoats they delighted in! I recall one anecdote of a dinner-party which was a blaze of repartees, and the genius who outshone all competitors was a man in green trousers! To wear green trousers, to feel at home in them, to dazzle the table in them, to leave them as an indelible impression upon the respectful brain of the storyteller—that is the sort of achievement that distinguished the 'Thirties. Who could dine in green trousers now with any reasonable hopes of fame? It was as late as the 'Sixties when my budding consciousness became alive to oratory. I heard Mr. Gladstone make a speech in Lancashire. He was very angry with Disraeli, and he spoke scornfully of "Mr. Disraeli, and the crew he has got around him." The phrase clung to my memory with his pronunciation of his rival's name. "Disraeli," Mr. Meynell says, it was sometimes called; but Mr. Gladstone made it three syllables, with a terrific sarcasm on the "reel." I felt it was the splendid swordplay of public life, and that impression was deepened a few years later when I heard Dizzy describe Gladstone and his colleagues as "a row of extinct volcanoes." Ah! there are no such onslaughts now!

In that speech of Gladstone's, I remember, there was one image that sent a thrill through the audience. He was speaking of the Reform Act of 1867, then quite young! What a contrast to the measure which Disraeli's opponents had failed to carry a few months before! The orator likened them to wary guides who were leading a simple and trusting people down a mountain path which skirted a precipice. All would have gone well if their counsel had been heeded; but suddenly there appeared on the edge of the precipice the wild Asiatic figure of Disraeli, who cried, "Jump down!" and down the trusting people went. This awful plunge into household suffrage froze my young blood, although the prosaic reflection of later years suggests that it was a poetical flight, like Lear's from the Dover cliff. But does any orator terrify us now? Does your flesh creep when you read about the perils of the Empire? Can your humdrum House of Commons reproduce such a scene as that in which Dan O'Connell broke down Dizzy's nerve in his maiden speech by crossing the floor and staring into his face? In a volume of reminiscences by a writer who had the luck to be born in the stirring 'Thirties, I see that we are accused of a brutal energy. In the streets the weak are literally thrust to the wall, and the aged thrown into the gutter. No such spectacle is known to me. So profound is our decorum that the natural man turns to the free library, and gratifies his combative instinct with tales of blood.

Even Madame Sarah Bernhardt is a witness to the humdrum of this generation. She has been telling an interviewer what she would do if she were rich. She would give up acting, and "travel in barbarous countries." This, you will admit, is remarkable testimony. Here is a distinguished artist whose nervous system has throbbed with tragedy for many years. She has made pets of tiger-cats and venomous reptiles; there is even a story of a small alligator from the banks of the Nile. To breed delicious nightmares she has slept in a coffin. These delights have palled, and now she yearns for rest, and gentle excursions to the

land of the Anthropophagi, or where men's heads grow beneath their shoulders, as Othello faithfully reported to Desdemona. She would like to visit the bottom of the ocean, and make friends with the decapod and the serpent two hundred feet long, whose rare apparition to honest sailors exposes them to the ridicule of the inveterate landlubber. Why on earth the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean should not bear serpents of these dimensions I do not know, and the ridiculous human apparatus for breathing will not let Sarah Bernhardt go and see.

Thirty years ago the Adelphi melodrama still appealed to an earnest pit. Now, I am told, the Drury Lane drama burlesques its own villains, and is scarcely respectful to its heroines. As I wander through the town, nothing takes my brooding fancy so much as the Hippodrome poster, with the palefaces pursued by Redskins over a cataract. One Indian brave, perforated by a revolver bullet, is turning a magnificent somersault. It is good to catch glimpses of that from the top of the omnibus. That, at any rate, cannot be rebuked by a law-abiding conductor. I wandered one morning down to the riverside, near the Pool, sacred to the memories of Gaffer Hexham and Rogue Riderhood, of Magwitch and Compeyson. I summoned their spirits from the deep, but they would not come. There were barges laden with soap, which is not romantic; the bargees looked as if they always went home to their tea; not the faintest suggestion of lurking crime! Hexham prowls no more in the Pool, with an eye for floating corpses; he is a highly respectable dealer in marine stores. Humdrum has settled down on the riverside; and the mystery and the terror are there no more.

Another disillusion! I thought that Shakspeare and "the crew that he has got around him" were to be "swept off the face of the earth" by Mr. Harold Bayley. But that gentleman writes to me that he is the victim of "a silly and misleading interview, which forms the text for your not unwarrantable witticisms"; and he assures me that "the Bacon Society is not a group of enthusiasts anxious to force their preconceived opinions upon an unappreciative public." No; its modest ambition is to "register unequivocal evidence" and "to become a centre of trustworthy information." If a Shaksperian should call at No. 11, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, with what he believes to be conclusive evidence that Bacon has no case, Mr. Bayley will listen to him with courteous attention and register his contribution. In a word, the Bacon Society is sitting like a Royal Commission; and in due course it will issue a voluminous Report; and I daresay the War Office is hoping that this will distract public notice from another Report which has greatly disturbed our friend, "the man in the street."

So Mr. Bayley's enterprise is not "a raging, tearing propaganda," but "a quiet, useful discussion." I borrow these phrases from contemporary documents on the fiscal question. But I am disappointed. There was a great hope that Mr. Bayley's manifesto was meant to provoke civil war, and that Shaksperians and Baconians would fight it out like Montagues and Capulets, Guelphs and Ghibellines. Life would have been worth living (for a very few moments) if I had met Mr. Bayley in Pall Mall, and he had said in a truculent manner, "Do you bite your thumb at me, Sir?" Then, before an impartial constable could have intervened, I should have been stretched a picturesque corpse; and Mr. Bayley, chanting the battle-cry of Bacon, would have enjoyed a spell of triumph, until some infuriated partisans of my faction came upon the scene and a chunk of young wood pavement took him in the abdomen. Nobody could say after that martial incident that life in London was humdrum! But nothing can turn our civilisation from its peaceful dullness. O for the Middle Ages!

Stay—one thing can be done. Looking over the Strand from the façade of the new Gaiety Theatre are three empty niches. Mr. George Edwardes must surely intend to enliven these with graceful and appropriate figures. Probably the County Council has already suggested to him the statues of three eminent reformers. But he must refresh the public eye with associations more piquant. May I suggest the images of Miss Connie Gilchrist (with her skipping-rope), Miss Kate Vaughan (in her skirt-dance), and Miss Nellie Farren as Jack Sheppard? So, when grizzled veterans recalled from outpost duty for the Empire revisit the Strand, they may be reminded of the days when London was not humdrum! Or Mr. Edwardes may open the niches to competition. This town is not consulted, as a rule, in the choice of the statuary which adorns its public places. Some committee arranges this business, and when its judgment is exposed to view, it is universally reviled. But if Mr. Edwardes should fill his three niches by popular vote, he may await criticism with calm.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE FLOOD-TIDE," AT DRURY LANE.

So Mr. Cecil Raleigh's "melo-farce" (vile phrase!) proves to be a deliberate, if incomplete, parody of Drury Lane drama. Elsewhere there might be risk in an experiment which disturbs the faith of simple souls in the unapproachable extremes of melodramatic virtue and villainy. But the essence of plays at the Lane lies not in characters, but in setting—in the realistic representation of everyday scenes—and this spectacular policy Mr. Raleigh resolutely maintains. The lounge of a smart Brighton hotel, the paddock at Kempton Park, the boat-train quitting Victoria Station, these familiar sights and one really striking effect, the flooding of a Cumberland valley, form the chief sets of "The Flood-Tide," and with them Mr. Collins's patrons can feel quite content. But over the *dramatis personæ* there might well be some dismay, for Mr. Raleigh has mixed his colours, and the result is a uniform complexion of "unpleasant" drab. Fancy a millionaire—Mr. Somerset makes him most amusing—so crazed that he carries his boots on his shoulders and shouts perennially, "Where's the bar?" But what say you to a comic pair leagued in an unholy alliance of fraud and personation with their natural enemy, the adventuress? Or to a sturdy champion of sport who, to recover documents he has forged, sanctions shocking sharp practice on the Turf? Nearly every cherished idol of melodrama is similarly altered out of recognition; while the players—Mrs. Tree, with staccato tones to suit the adventuress; Miss Halstan, quite affecting in the rôle of this intriguer's daughter; Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the perkier of masquerading commercial travellers; Mr. Jack Barnes, ever so hearty as the shady sporting publican; and Miss Claire Romaine, surprisingly alert as the resourceful soubrette—all bring out, half unconsciously, the irony of the author. One final reform Mr. Raleigh has not had the heart to attempt: he still retains the sentimental lovers—in this case a promoted ranker and his Colonel's pretty daughter; but even as it is, his latest Drury scenodrama has sound claims to be considered a first-rate cynical entertainment.

"THE GOLDEN SILENCE," AT THE GARRICK.

Rarely has the trite moral as to reticence been urged more prolixly than in Mr. Haddon Chambers' Garrick play, "The Golden Silence." The author of "The Awakening" cannot do work that is uninteresting; but it was well for the first-night fortunes of his new piece that, if not a wit, he is yet a sprightly humorist. His quaint studio-servant, once a pugilist; his good-natured little model; his cumbrous, drawing American painter—these purely incidental characters, drolly represented by Mr. Darleigh, Miss Nellie Bowman, and the self-denying manager, Mr. Bouchier, lend vivacity to some rather tedious details of art-life. Even more amusing, as rendered by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, is the boyish Baronet, who joins the *ingénue* in a cake-walk, danced to gramophone accompaniment, and informs his mother of his *mésalliance* by telephone; but he, too, is outside the story. The "silence" is practised by a Countess who hopes to divorce an unfaithful husband and legalise her love for a sculptor, but finds that the latter's affections have long centred in a young heiress, and so pretends, oh, how feebly! to have tired of her attachment. Now she, made exquisitely pathetic by that inevitable exponent of forlorn love, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, is unreal enough; but even more a thing of artifice is the sculptor, whom Mr. Mills tries to render sympathetic: an "honourable" man, who will not approach the heiress because she is rich, yet dallies with a lady both rich and married. As for the trick which opens the Countess's eyes, of telling the hero the rich Olivia is penniless, it is worthy of a novelette; and but that Olivia, in the pretty person of Miss Jessie Bateman, is a very dainty romp, her love troubles would be a dull affair.

ELLEN TERRY IN "MUCH ADO," AT KENNINGTON.

Ellen Terry's Beatrice is perhaps the best known, and certainly the most delightful, of all her Shaksperian impersonations, and Kennington playgoers have fully recognised the treat which is offered them this week in the famous Lyceum actress's visit. There is no part in Miss Terry's extensive repertory which matches so exactly her own buoyant disposition, or expresses so well her infectious gaiety, her irrepressible vivacity, her womanly charm and tenderness. Years may have robbed her rendering of some of its youthfulness and ease, but it still remains something unique—something to be looked back upon in the future as a precious recollection. The cast which supports the "leading lady" in "Much ADO" does not include many well-known names; the Benedick being Mr. Matheson Lang, the Claudio Mr. Harcourt Williams, the Dogberry Mr. Frederick Powell, the Borachio Mr. Hubert Carter, and the Hero that promising and pretty *ingénue*, Miss Hutin Britton; but, then, Ellen Terry as Beatrice is a host in herself. To-night Miss Terry alters her programme at Kennington and assumes two other of her most notable characters—Portia (in the Trial-scene of "The Merchant") and Nance Oldfield—in both of which she is inimitable.

A JAPANESE DREAM-PLAY AT THE TIVOLI.

Rather incongruously placed in its environment of comic "turns" appeared a dainty little dream-play, "O Mats' San," last Monday at the Tivoli; but Mr. Metcalfe Wood as author and Mr. Philip Yorke as manager deserve congratulations on its production. Japanese it is styled, but is so only in its setting and in the fact that its heroine is a Japanese wife married to an English husband, for the treatment is quite Western and sentimental. The pretty wife dreams that she kills her spouse in a fit of jealousy, but wakes up to discover him still alive. A clever young foreign actress, Mdle. Pilar Morin, finds plenty of scope in the more passionate moments of the heroine, but is happiest in the comedy passages of the play, wherein her variations of voice and mood and gesture are full of piquancy.

ART NOTES.

The popularity of King Edward VII. has its indirect illustration in the autograph sale mart. In two cases short notes, written when he was Prince of Wales, are priced six guineas each, a sum far in excess of that fetched by similar documents from the pen of any preceding monarch. "My dear Leighton," runs one of these notes to the former President of the Royal Academy, "I have to-day received the lovely drawing you have so kindly made for me. Accept my warmest thanks for your having given yourself the trouble to do it when I know every moment of your time is in request. Believe me, yours very sincerely,—ALBERT EDWARD." That was in January 1873; and six years later was written the second note in question, which is one of thanks to the President for having sent an Academy Banquet invitation to M. Vereschagin—the autograph catalogue spells it Vereschugin. This is a little bit of history in its way. The Academy had the credit in 1879 of doing an internationally proper thing in inviting to its board the famous Russian painter. Now we know from whom the Academy had the hint that ranked as a command.

News is given of a society which is to subscribe and to collect money in order to purchase for the nation pictures old and new which might otherwise go hence, to be seen of English eyes no more. A sort of oblique vote of censure on the administration of the Chantrey Fund may be detected, though it may not be purposely designed, in the formation of this National Art Collections Fund. This, of course, only as regards modern pictures. As regards old pictures, a hint to Parliament to be more liberal in its grants to the National and other public galleries may very well be intended.

The Royal Exchange has still its vacant panels to fill, although the picture which Mr. Chevallier Tayler has this week added to the series brings up the total of completed designs to close upon a dozen. Lord Leighton gave the cartoon which bears his own name; but in the other cases the donor of the decoration has had recourse to an artist for its execution. The walls now display the handiwork of the artists already named, and also of Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Goetze, Mr. Ernest Crofts, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Normand.

Photography, from being a science, makes each season new advances on its road to becoming an art. The mechanical genius of a camera is not now content to see with the eyes of its own kind and to record for man a slightly varying version of things seen. It has determined to behold with the eyes of man. Not only that—its sight is to be the sight of an artist; it is to cultivate the sense of beauty, to develop a technique, and to be familiar with all the conventional impressionism of a modern school. Indeed, the eleventh exhibition of the Photographic Salon is most appropriately held at the Dudley Gallery—the scene of New English Art Club endeavours at other seasons of the year. Yet few of the photographs exhibited show any realisation of the real uses of a camera. In nearly every print the effect is blurred; the interesting facts that are truly seen by the machine, though not by the human eye, are discarded; and we are given instead the semblance of a washy water-colour—neither the genuine impression received by the inanimate nor the living lens. Further evolution on the present lines, and the camera will grow long hair and wear a velvet coat.

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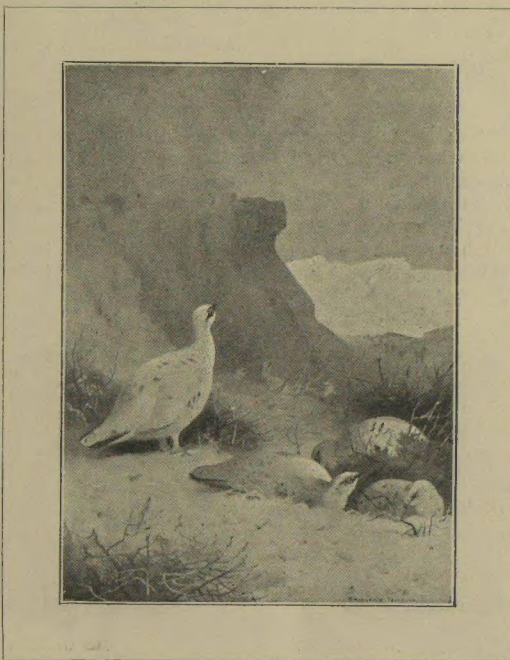
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"ELIJAH."

TUESDAY EVENING.

SIR C. VILLIERS STANFORD'S "VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE," MOZART'S G MINOR SYMPHONY, and Miscellaneous.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

DR. ELGAR'S NEW WORK, "THE APOSTLES" (Composed expressly for this Festival).

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

SULLIVAN'S "GOLDEN LEGEND," and Miscellaneous.

THURSDAY MORNING.

"THE MESSIAH."

THURSDAY EVENING.

LISZT'S XIIIth PSALM. SIR HUBERT PARRY'S "BLEST PAIR OF SIRENS," and Miscellaneous.

FRIDAY MORNING.

BACH'S MASS IN B MINOR.

FRIDAY EVENING.

BRUCKNER'S "TE DEUM," BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY.

Conductor: Dr. HANS RICHTER.

Detailed Programmes may be obtained post free on application to 5, Waterloo Street, Birmingham. WALTER CHARLTON, Secretary.

MOHAWK MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Every Evening at 8. Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3. New Programme just produced. "The Jealous Husband," "Cuff and Collar Coons," &c. 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Children half price.

LONDON HIPPODROME, CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

Twice DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

Neither the King's visit to Scotland nor the Queen's visit to Denmark yields news that is out of the ordinary, save, perhaps, the report that the secret police have been warned that a number of Anarchists are proceeding to

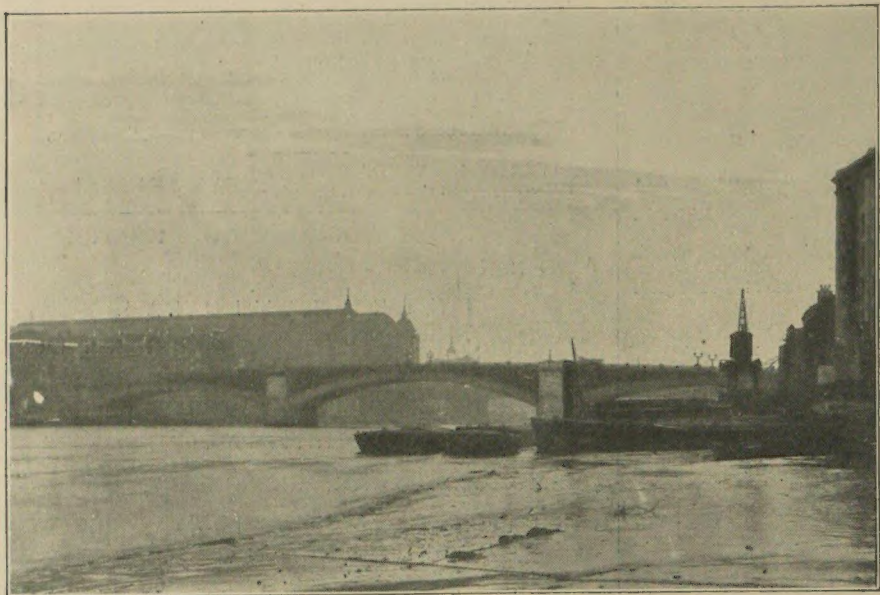


Photo. Topical Press Agency.

THE REBUILDING OF SOUTHWARK BRIDGE: THE PRESENT EDIFICE.

It is proposed to spend £350,000 on the new structure, the sum to be defrayed out of the Bridge House Estates Funds.

Copenhagen for the meeting of Queen Alexandra, the Empress-Dowager of Russia, and Queen Margaret of Italy. It is, of course, announced at the same time that elaborate precautions are being taken to protect their Majesties, precautions that are wise, but, it is to be hoped, unnecessary. The outstanding events of his Majesty's stay in Scotland have at present been his acceptance of the Ministerial resignations and his attendance of the famous Braemar Gathering.

OUR COMING ITALIAN GUEST.

Although the exact date for the visit of King Victor Emmanuel to the City of London is not yet finally determined, it will certainly fall between Nov. 17 and Nov. 21. The City intends to present his Majesty with the customary address, which will be contained in a golden casket. It is considered probable that among the distinguished guests will be the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family. The members of the Cabinet, the Ambassadors, and foreign Ministers will also receive invitations.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Chamberlain's resignation is manifestly a piece of strategy. He frankly admits that, so far as the controversy has gone, the constituencies are against him on the question of taxing food. He has resigned because he thinks, and the Prime Minister agrees with him, that he can best conduct his propaganda out of office, leaving the Cabinet unembarrassed by his personal views. The most striking part of this arrangement is that Mr. Austen Chamberlain remains in the Cabinet to represent his father, and even takes a higher post. Mr. Balfour is entirely in accord with the late Colonial Secretary, and has expounded in a pamphlet the Retaliation branch of the new fiscal policy. As long as Mr. Balfour remains head of the Government and the leader of the Unionist party, he will press this scheme upon the attention of his followers, while Mr. Chamberlain is striving to convert the constituencies to the principle of preferential trading. To be completely free from these kindred agitations, Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, followed by Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Mr. Arthur Elliot, have withdrawn from the Government, but the Duke of Devonshire remains. The attitude of the Unionist Free Traders has suddenly become uncertain, and their manifesto suggests that as the proposal to tax food is no longer a Cabinet question, they may rally to the Government after all. No such political situation has ever been seen in this country. The party system, as we have known it, has for the moment ceased to exist, and with the exception of the Irish Parliamentary contingent, parties in the House of Commons and the country are split into groups whose future is wholly uncertain.

ENGLAND'S TRADE.

In his pamphlet the Prime Minister argues that the commandment, "Thou shalt not tax except for revenue," must be disregarded in the interests of Free Trade itself. Only by using a weapon which will put us in a position to bargain with Protectionist countries can we, in his opinion, secure, not

Free Trade, but freer trade. Surveying the markets of the world, he sees that in the unprotected and semi-protected areas our trade is still great; but he suggests that the "tendencies" of commerce are against us, and that these particular markets will gradually be closed if we adhere to the system of free imports. Our wealth, Mr. Balfour admits, shows no present symptom of diminution, and the new Blue Book from the Board of Trade confirms that judgment. The increase of imports Mr. Balfour ascribes largely to our investments abroad, and declares that it would be better to invest money at home, a course which is hazardous now, because of the uncertain stability of staple industries in consequence of foreign competition. The Blue Book gives some interesting figures of the comparative welfare of the working classes in this country and in the principal foreign States. From this abstract it appears that the British working man is better paid and better fed than the German, but not so well as the American.

THE LATE DR. ALEXANDER BAIN.

Bain was, among certain schools of thinkers, somewhat discredited, but there was a time when Bain commanded a large following, and in America

his system is still greatly esteemed. It is true that his methods when pushed to their logical conclusion make for materialism; but his monumental works, "The Emotions and the Will" and "The Senses and the Intellect," remain as a noteworthy contribution to the philosophic writing of the nineteenth century. Professor Bain, who died on Sept. 18 at the age of eighty-six

be owing to the removal of great quantities of shingle for the new dockyard at Devonport. The gable-end of the village inn has collapsed. The sea-wall which the Board of Trade has been building to protect the village was also injured.

KAID MACLEAN.

Kaid Sir Harry Maclean arrived in England on Sept. 19, and, questioned by the ubiquitous reporter, speedily dissipated the belief that he had left Morocco for good and all. It appears that he is merely on leave of absence, and that he will resume his duties in a month or five weeks. Sir Harry, while acknowledging that there is considerable feeling against foreigners among the Moors, likewise denied that the Sultan was dispensing with the service of Europeans, and stated that the nature of the insurrection in Morocco had been greatly exaggerated. According to the Kaid, the Sultan is now in a most satisfactory position, and the capture of the Pretender only a question of time.

THE ALBINO FARM.

At More Criche, in Dorsetshire, Lord Alington possesses a farm which is a curiosity in natural history. All the beasts and birds are white, and the breeding of albinos has been brought to a fine art. Our Artist has illustrated many of the more interesting specimens, including a white owl, which, alas! is no longer in the land of the living, but still, stuffed and set on a perch, fulfils a decorative mission. The King, when Prince of Wales, frequently visited Lord Alington's farm.

ST. ANDREWS BURGHS.

Captain Edward Charles Ellice, who by his election as member for St. Andrews Burghs on Sept. 17 gained a seat for the Liberal party, is a descendant of an Aberdonian family settled in Knockleith, and is the elder of the two sons of Mr. Robert Ellice, the son of General Robert Ellice. He served in the Regular Army for ten or eleven years, and for a shorter period in the 1st Cinque Ports Rifle Volunteers. During the South African War he was with Lord Lovat's Corps of Mounted Infantry. Captain Ellice, who lives at Ardoch, Invergarry, Inverness, married the daughter of Mr. Frederick Freeman-Thomas, of Rotton, Sussex, and is thus brother-in-law to the member for Hastings.

AT SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Balfour's speech at Sheffield on Oct. 1 is anticipated with extraordinary interest. No such political situation as he will deal with there has ever confronted a Prime Minister. The Unionist party is now divided into three sections, the Preferential Traders who follow Mr. Chamberlain, the Free Traders who follow Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and the section which believes that the business of the country can be carried on for at least another Session without any reference to the fiscal question. The Opposition demand an immediate Dissolution on the ground that the Government is entirely without any popular mandate, and that the policy sketched in Mr. Balfour's pamphlet is as repugnant to the constituencies as Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to tax food.



Photo. Illustrated Press Bureau.

THE BRITISH CONSUL AT MONASTIR, MR. MCGREGOR.

MR. MCGREGOR HAS RECENTLY BEEN THREATENED WITH ASSASSINATION.

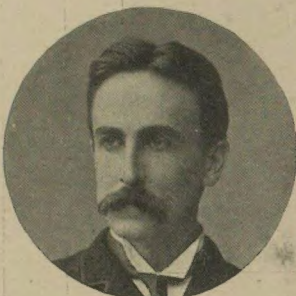


Photo. Russell.

EX-FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY: THE HON. ARTHUR ELLIOT.

RESIGNED AS BEING FREE TRADER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE DR. ALEXANDER BAIN, EMINENT PHILOSOPHER AND GRAMMARIAN.



Photo. Davis, Glasgow.

CAPTAIN E. C. ELICE, NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE ST. ANDREWS BURGHS.

was born in Aberdeen. He graduated at the University of that city. From 1860 to 1880 he held the Professorship of Logic in Aberdeen, and at various periods he was Examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy to the University of London. He wrote voluminously on philosophical and scientific subjects, but apart from his services to these branches of learning, he brought the systematic study of English to that perfection for which Aberdeen University was noted during Bain's professorship and that of his successor, Minto.

THE H.A.C. VISIT TO AMERICA.

The Honourable Artillery Company, or, rather, their representatives, numbering two hundred, left England on Sept. 23 to pay a visit to the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts. That company, which was founded by Honourable Artillery men who emigrated more than two hundred years ago, paid a visit some years since to these shores, and were entertained by the parent battalion. The present delegates sailed on board the steamer *Mayflower*.

THE RENEWED GALE.

Some renewal of the gale was experienced in the Channel on the morning of Sept. 21, and two yachts which were moored in Dover Bay were overwhelmed and sunk. At Swansea a portion of the Mumbles line was washed away, and on the Devonshire coast the village of Hallsands suffered considerable damage. The village has been threatened by the sea for some time, and its precarious condition is said to



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE FORTHCOMING VISIT OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY TO THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF MASSACHUSETTS: LORD DENBIGH AND THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS.

But Mr. Balfour's friends see no reason why he should dissolve. He has lost five colleagues, but is reconstructing his Ministry without difficulty. He has kept the Duke of Devonshire in the Cabinet, and that success has caused some wavering among the Unionist Free Traders. He has submitted no definite scheme of

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN RETIREMENT: THE EX-MINISTER'S GARDENING HOBBY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C. S. SARGISSON.



1. IN THE GROUNDS, HIGHBURY.

2. HIGHBURY FROM THE LAWNS.

3. THE CONSERVATORY CORRIDOR.

4. THE BEGONIA-HOUSE.

5. PART OF THE NEW GARDEN WHICH MR. CHAMBERLAIN IS NOW LAYING OUT.

6. THE NEW GEOMETRICAL GARDEN.

7. THE ORCHID-HOUSE.

Now that the owner of Highbury has a little breathing space, he is seeking relief from the cares of office and the "fiscal" problem in the prosecution of his favourite hobby. He is daily engaged in directing a body of workmen who are laying out a new garden on the estate. Mr. Chamberlain is better known at home as a landscape gardener than a grower of orchids.

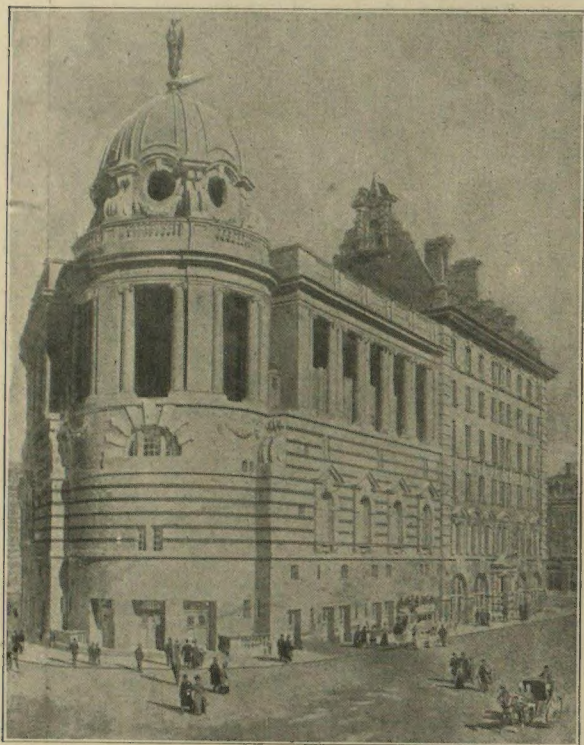
retaliatory duties, and is expected to say at Sheffield that no such scheme is at present necessary. There is every sign that the Prime Minister proposes to meet Parliament next year, and count upon a majority to carry him through the Session with a series of measures which do not raise the question of Protection in any form.

A NEW SPECIMEN AT THE "ZOO."

The Echidna, of which a live specimen has just been added to the collection at Regent's Park, forms, with the Duck-Billed Platypus, the strange order of Monotremata, or egg-laying mammals. It is a sort of border family between mammals and reptiles. The Platypus deposits its eggs in a nest; but the Echidna carries its eggs in a pouch, similar to that of a marsupial, retaining the young in this pouch till it is three or four inches long. There are three known types of the Echidna, or Porcupine Ant-Eater, all limited to Australasia. One found in New Guinea is of considerable size. The Hon. Walter Rothschild had a specimen of this large variety alive at Tring for some time. The subject of our Illustration is a female about eighteen inches long, from New South Wales. It has strong claws, which serve it in place of teeth for breaking down the ants' nests on which it feeds in a state of nature, and for burrowing. It is now being fed upon egg and milk and very finely-chopped meat, and appears at present to be comfortable and healthy.

BLUECOAT BOYS IN THE CITY.

Although Christ's Hospital has left the confines of the City, and although its former home is now no more, the ancient custom of the St. Matthew's Day reception by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs has not been suffered to fall into



THE NEW GAITY THEATRE IN THE STRAND.
Designed by Ernest Runtz.

desuetude. On Sept. 21, accordingly, the scholars to the number of 650 came up from Horsham to attend the annual sermon at Christ Church, Newgate Street, and then to pay the traditional visit to the Mansion House to receive the new coins and buns which used to be given on Easter Day. After the sermon the civic authorities and the boys marched in procession to the official residence of the Lord Mayor, who, with his guests, held a reception in the saloon. The boys then passed before him in order. The Grecians received every man a guinea, the probationers half-a-guinea, the rank-and-file a shilling, and to the very small boys of the preparatory school, who did not come up to town, new sixpences were sent down, the Lady Mayoress supplementing the gift with buns. After the Lord Mayor had made a hearty speech of welcome, the senior Grecian called for three cheers for the Lord Mayor. The boys had a right royal tea, and then went back to Horsham.

AIR-SHIP EXPERIMENTS.

The navigable balloon or air-ship with which Mr. Stanley Spencer has experimented for some time past was put to a severe test on the afternoon of Sept. 17, when the aeronaut started from the Crystal Palace to attempt to steer his machine round the dome of St. Paul's. A great deal of public interest was excited in the event. Several thousand people had assembled in the polo-ground of the Palace, and received Mr. Spencer and his invention with cheers. The air-ship, as is usual with such contrivances, gave a good deal of trouble before it could be persuaded to make a proper start, but about ten minutes past five it got clear away and moved northward at a rate of about fifteen miles an hour. In the



THE SCENE OF THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON SCAFELL:
"LORDS RAKE."

On Sept. 21, four London tourists, in attempting to ascend the most difficult pinnacle of Scafell from "Lords Rake," fell from a huge cliff and were killed. The bodies were found roped together.

region of St. Paul's large crowds awaited the coming of the aeronaut. Then as soon as the air-ship became visible at a height of about 700 ft., there was some demonstration of enthusiasm, and the roofs of the City became thronged as if by magic with interested parties of sightseers. Mr. Spencer passed to the east of the dome and then moved to the north-west. The wind now got the mastery of the balloon, and although the aeronaut fought stoutly with rudder and tractor (as the screw is called, owing to its being fixed at the bow), he was forced to continue his course to the north.

THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE.

A formal official inspection on Sept. 12 took the place of inaugural ceremonies at the new Naval College which has been established in the grounds at Osborne. The class-rooms are in the quadrangle of the old royal stables, and at Kingston there is provision for boat work. On Sept. 12 cadets' friends crossed the Solent on the *Volcano*, and were received by the Governor, Captain Wemyss, and other members of the staff. The cadets went into residence on Sept. 15.

THE END OF THE MANŒUVRES.

The great battle with which the Manœuvres were brought to a close began on Sept. 16 in the Lambourn valley. General French, with two divisions, had bivouacked near Kingsclere the night before, and at daybreak the defending General sent out Scobell's cavalry to search for the enemy towards Hungerford, and about ten o'clock he was engaged with Rundle's division. The infantry, meanwhile, crossed the Kennet at Newbury and marched up the Lambourn valley towards West Shefford, on which Wood's Fifth Division was also converging, and at the same time Douglas's division of the defending force was moving in the same direction by parallel route through Wickham. These came under the fire of Wood's guns at a range of 2000 yards, but the defending force, who had several "Long Toms," claimed to put these guns out of action. The artillery duel lasted about two hours. At about three o'clock the fighting was stopped by a signal from the Commander-



THE MOTOR-CAR IN WARFARE: GENERAL LORD GRENFELL AND THE UMPIRE STAFF
AT THE MANŒUVRES.

in-Chief's headquarters. As the battle was considered indecisive the troops were on the following morning directed to take up the positions they had occupied on the previous day and to resume the contest as if there had been no interval. Sir John French, having decided to get between the invader and Reading, began to

effect a slow movement northward, and although Sir Evelyn Wood at first seemed inclined to allow this movement to develop, he was driven by the time-limit to press his attack sooner than he would have done in actual warfare. He accordingly ordered Knox's infantry to begin a counter-attack towards South Fawley, whereupon Scobell, with General French's force, struck Lowe's cavalry (which was co-operating with Knox) in his weakest place and drove him back. Lowe and a whole squadron of cavalry were captured, and French, having brought up reinforcements, was held to have been victorious when the signal to cease fire was displayed from the balloon. At a conference held after the operation, Lord Roberts criticised the work which had been done during the four consecutive field-days. He remarked that the guns had been too much exposed, but the infantry marching and taking of cover were alike admirable, and showed that much had been learnt since South Africa.

Remonstrances addressed to the Sultan about the excesses of his troops in Macedonia have been received with the customary blandness. The Sultan regrets that undue severity has been accidentally employed, and has ordered his lambs to restrain their zeal. A correspondent of the *Daily Mail* who perceived no change in their behaviour was ordered to quit Macedonia; but, owing to the representations of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, the decree was cancelled. The Sultan does not care what the correspondents say if the Powers do not impose restrictions on his military operations. There is a report that the British Government has ordered a squadron to Turkish waters as a protest against the extermination of the Macedonians; but even that will not deter the Sultan if Austria and Russia decline to intervene. They have solemnly



THE PROJECTED THEATRE IN ALDWYCH: THE WALDORF.
Designed by W. G. R. Sprague.

intimated that they stand by their scheme of "reforms," knowing perfectly well that no reforms can be effectual without a European Commission, which their jealousies will not permit them to appoint. It is said that Prince Ferdinand is the only man in Bulgaria who is opposed to war, and that he will not be able to restrain his people for many days. The Powers continue to scold Bulgaria, but if she refuses to acquiesce in the extermination of her kindred by the Turks, Europe will have no right to complain. As for King Peter, he would like to take a hand if he dared; and if war should break out he may dare, although M. Clémenceau advises him to sell his crown for forty sous to the Emperor Jacques Lebaudy of the Sahara.

THE HUNGARIAN ARMY.

It is not unlikely that the present strained situation existing between the Hungarians and their King with regard to the recent Army Order may result in the presentation of an address to the Sovereign by all parties. M. Kossuth, who leads the Opposition and the extremists, points out that there must be no revolution, and all persons concerned are united in the desire to avoid bloodshed. A semi-official communication has striven to give the impression that the construction put upon the Army Order is very far from that intended by King Francis Joseph. The King desired only to prevent the disruption of the common army, and this in the interests of the monarchy and in the most vital interests of Hungary itself. The Army Order is not a constitutional document, and in no way prejudices the changes demanded by the Liberals. The explanatory circular adds that the questions raised are being considered in the highest circles.

EVENTS OF THE DAY AT HOME AND ABROAD.



Photo, Cozens.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE AT OSBORNE, SEPTEMBER 15:
RELATIVES OF CADETS SEEING THEM OFF FROM PORTSMOUTH ON BOARD THE "VOLCANO."
Admiral Fisher is to be seen just going aboard with a cadet.



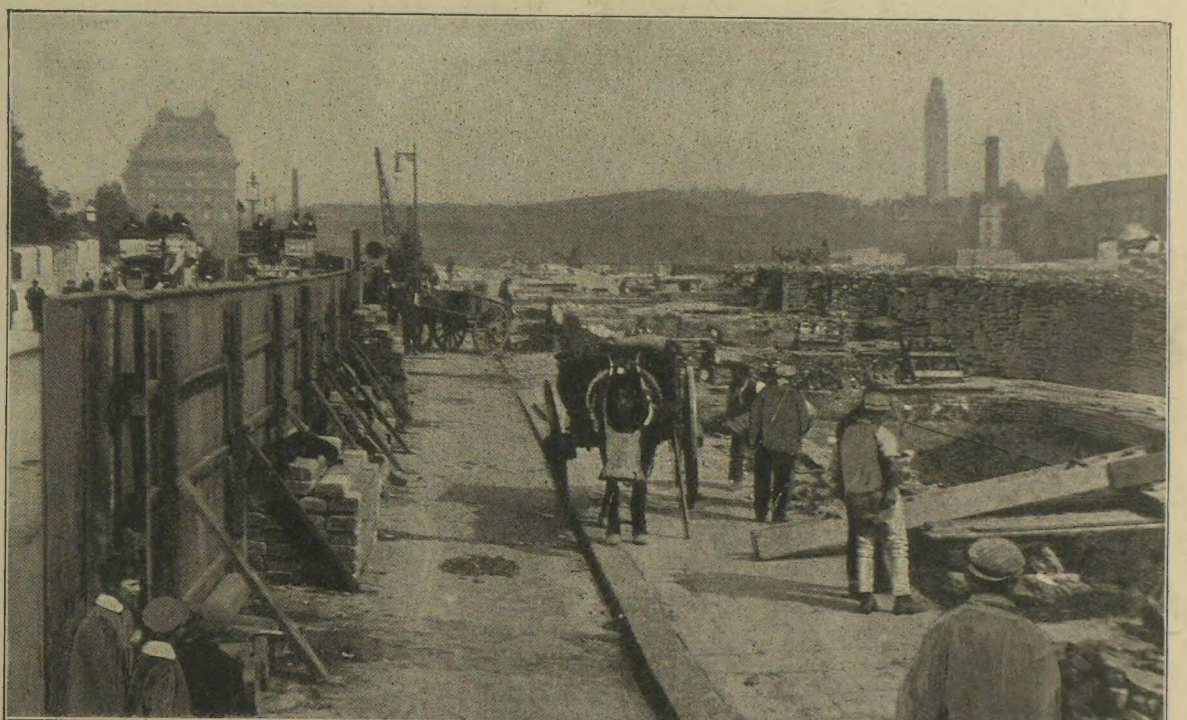
Photo, Topical Press.

SEEKERS FOR JOURNALISTIC HID TREASURE IN PARIS.
The newspaper idea of burying treasure to be indicated by a story has found favour in France, and a Paris journal has started a competition called "the hunt for the Craveford Millions."



Photo, Elfell.

A ROYAL FATHER-AND DAUGHTER: THE KING
OF DENMARK'S WELCOME TO QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
AT COPENHAGEN.



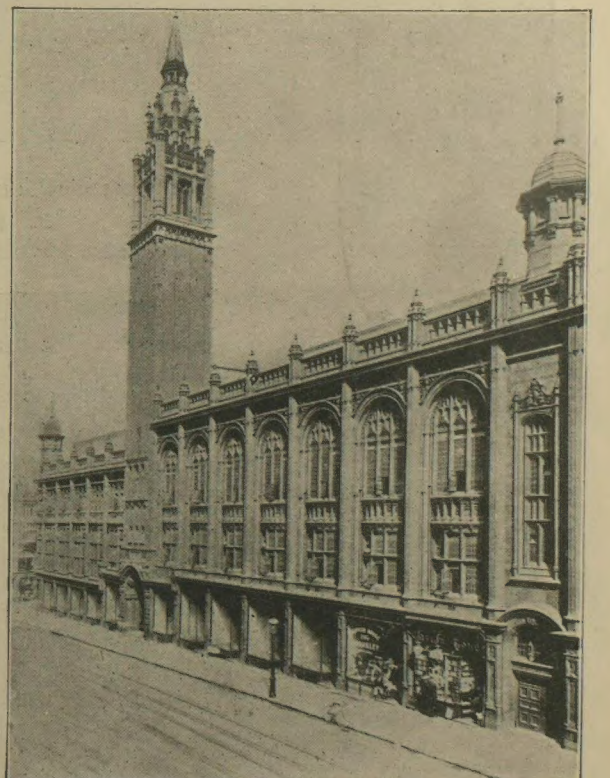
Photo, Russell Hiron.

THE EXTENSIONS AT VICTORIA STATION.
In the construction of these remarkable extensions, one-third of the width of Buckingham Palace Road has been temporarily monopolised.



Photo, Bacon.

THE DECORATIONS OF THE CITY SQUARE AT LEEDS, INAUGURATED SEPTEMBER 16.
The decorations, which were suggested by Colonel Harding, include Mr. Brock's statue of the Black Prince, statues of Priestley, Dean Hook, James Watt, John Harrison, first Mayor of Leeds, and allegorical figures of Morn and Even. The statues, with the exception of those of Watt and Harrison, are the gift of Colonel Harding.



Photo, Lewis.

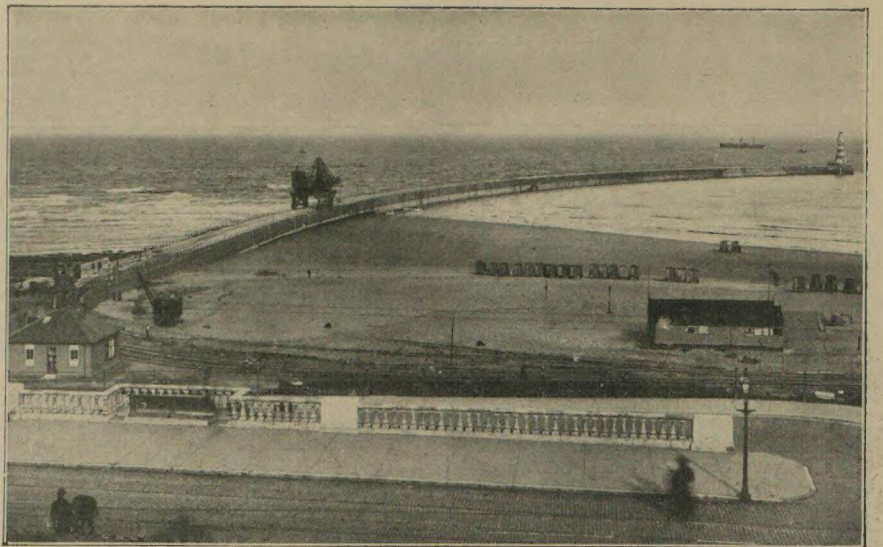
A NEW PUBLIC BUILDING FOR BIRMINGHAM:
CENTRAL HALL.
The Hall, which was opened on September 16 with great éclat, is intended as a centre of Wesleyan Methodism.



Photo. Vivian.

EFFECTS OF THE RENEWED GALE: THE INN AT HALLSANDS, PARTIALLY DESTROYED.

As we note in another place, serious damage was done to the village of Hallsands, Devonshire, and particularly to the village inn.



THE NEW PIER AND LIGHTHOUSE ON THE RIVER WEAR, OPENED SEPTEMBER 23.

Roker Pier and Lighthouse, carried out by the River Wear Commission, were opened by the Earl of Durham.



MRS. CARLINGBY
MISS GRIMSTON



SIR CHARLES
WALFORD
MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS

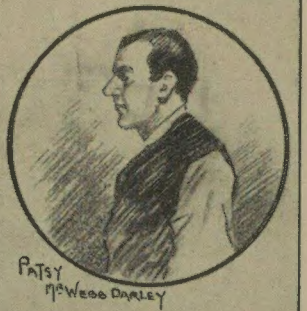


RANDOLPH CARLINGBY
MR. F. MILLS

LADY ARLINGTON
MISS VIOLET VAN BUREN



OLIVIA MILLS
MISS BATEMAN



PATSY
MCWIGGAN DALEY

JESSIE MANNERS
MISS NELLIE
BOWMAN



AUGUSTUS MAPES
MR. A. BOUCHIER



R. CLEAVEY 1903

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS' NEW PLAY, "THE GOLDEN SILENCE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVEY.



TIBETAN WOMEN IN THE CHARACTERISTIC HEADRESS OF THE COUNTRY.



A BRITISH OFFICER TAKING LEAVE OF MR. HO, A CHINESE OFFICIAL, AND THE TIBETANS.

AN ANGLO-CHINESE BOUNDARY COMMISSION IN TIBET.

In order to arrange certain grazing difficulties which have arisen on the frontier between Sikkim and Tibet, Colonel Younghusband was instructed to meet the Chinese Imperial Agent at Khamba Jong; but although Mr. Ho, a minor official, appeared at the place of rendezvous, advices dated September 2 announced that the Mission was still awaiting the responsible Chinese and Tibetan officials.



No one remained erect but Carroll at the wheel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Soon after nine o'clock a light breeze sprang up from the eastward, and both the brig and barque were soon slipping through the water with all canvas set, and steering N. by W., a course which would take them well clear of the dangerous islets of Wreck Reef. The *Leenwarden*, heavy and cumbersome as she looked, was in reality a fine sailer, and it was with some chagrin and surprise that Carroll saw her soon after noon pass the *Palmyra* and steadily draw ahead.

"He'll pass Wreck Reef a good way ahead of us," said Lugard. "What is the distance now?"

"Forty-five miles I make it; and on this course we shall pass about twenty miles to windward of it."

"But these are very tricky currents round here, and I think we might as well let her come up a couple of points."

"Oh, we are all right. Let us go on as we are; it's our best sailing-point, and there will be an all but full moon at seven to-night. I've seen the main islet on Wreck Reef six miles away on a clear night. And anyway, we have the Dutchman right ahead. He knows his way along here as well as I do, and we can safely follow him."

Lugard was hardly satisfied, for although it was true that, by reason of his many voyages to Sydney from Batavia, the Dutch skipper was well acquainted with the Australian coast, and especially with the outlying islands and reefs both inside and outside the Great Barrier Reef, he was a somewhat careless navigator, and apt to run risks. But professional etiquette prevented his saying any more on the subject. There was always an excellent look-out kept on the *Palmyra* day and night, and all three mates were thorough and careful seamen.

The same light easterly air which was carrying the barque and brig along their northerly course was also a beam wind for the brigantine sighted early in the morning. She was steering south, and at two in the afternoon Dawson, the second officer, who was looking at her with the glass, called to the captain and Lugard to come on deck at once.

"What is it, Dawson?" asked Carroll, as the officer handed him the glass.

"Well, Sir, I reckon you and I know that fellow. Anyway, if you don't, I do. That's the *Coot*—that old six-gun crate that was lying in Sirius Cove when we were in Sydney the last time. If it ain't, then I'm a dead horse."

"How do you know?" asked Lugard quickly.

"By her sails, Sir. I took particular notice of them when she sailed into the Cove—an old foresail with three new cloths in the bunt, and one at each leech; a narrow-gutted topsail with a hoist high enough for a frigate, and a topgallant sail as big as a tablecloth with the foot of it cut half-moon shape by a blind sail-maker."

"Carroll, I fear that Dawson is right," said Lugard; "it will never do to let that fellow stop us, and unless we can show him our heels, he *will* stop us. I wonder what has brought him here?—he was certainly in Sydney Harbour less than a month ago, repairing."



HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE. Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"You said there would be a hue-and-cry after us, Jim," observed the whaler placidly, "and here we are—I daresay this old box has been sent after us, and missed us when we were careening. Now, the only thing to do is to get away from him before he can do us any damage. Hands to braces, Mr. Dawson! We'll show the Britisher what this old blubber-hunter can do."

He went to the wheel himself, and as the yards were braced up, he beckoned to Lugard, and, pointing to the four small guns on the main deck,* said—

"If I had a long twenty-four instead of those I'd give his Majesty's *Coot* all she wanted——"

The loud boom of a cannon-shot interrupted him—the brigantine had luffed, and a puff of white smoke was floating from her side.

"He wants the Dutchman to heave-to!" cried Lugard, springing upon the quarter-rail so as to get a better view, and in a moment, the greatest excitement prevailed on the brig, those of the crew not on watch running aloft to look.

"He's lowered a boat, Sir!" called out the third mate, who was up in the maintop with his glass, "it is full of men."

"Hurrah, the Dutchman won't heave to!" shouted someone up for'ard. "Look, he's braced up sharp!"

"So he has," said Lugard to Carroll. "Ah! there's another gun—the brigantine has sent a shot across Schouten's bows. The boat is away now, pulling hard for the barque."

"All the better for us," remarked the whaler, casting an eye aloft; "it will give us all the more chance of getting away. Hoist our colours, Mr. Dawson."

Lugard jumped down from the rail—"We *must* get away, Carroll. Look at the Britisher now—he has filled, and is standing on after us, leaving his boat to deal with the Dutchman."

"So he is," growled Carroll, with an oath, "but by heavens, he is not going to play any games on me. If he tries to board me, I'm going to fight."

For a few minutes the two men intently watched the pursuing vessel, which presently went about, and, as she came to the wind, fired a shotted gun at the *Palmyra* as a peremptory signal for her to heave-to. The ball fell far short, but as the crew of the brig saw the splash, a deep and angry murmur burst from them, and the captain's face purpled with rage.

"That's enough for me!" he cried hoarsely to Lugard: "Here, take the wheel a minute," and springing to the break of the poop, he bellowed like a bull to the crew that lay aft.

"Men, that brigantine is chasing us, and if we are captured it means that you, the officers of this ship, Captain Lugard, and myself, will rot in a Sydney jail; and God knows what would be the fate of the young lady

* All whale-ships in those days were well armed, especially those cruising among the Pacific Islands.—L. B.

and Mr. Hewitt, and the other two men. Now you all know that your lay* is one-third of the money I get for this venture in addition to your lay for the voyage; and you knew the risks, didn't you?"

"Ay, ay, Sir," they responded.

"Well, I'll cut it short. If the wind falls light, we can't get away from that brigantine's boats; and I swear I'll sink them if they come alongside. Will you stand by me for the honour of the old flag?"

"Ay, ay, Sir, we will," shouted the acknowledged leader of the crew, a big boatsteerer from Martha's Vineyard; and "Serve out the arms! Serve out the arms!" cried out the others excitedly, as they tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get to the cabin; while Lugard, assisted by Hewitt, Montgomery, Cole, and the brig's cooper, got ready the four guns, for which there was a plentiful supply of ammunition.

The crew of the brig numbered thirty men, nearly all of whom were native-born Americans, the exceptions being Manuel Castro and two or three other Portuguese. They were all accustomed to the use of firearms, as were the crews of all whale-ships who cruised among the islands of the South and North Pacific in those days.

In the meantime, while these preparations were going on, the *Leeuwarden* had continued her course, setting every stitch of canvas she could carry except stunsails, and keeping away to the N.W.; but the boat, manned by twenty sturdy bluejackets, was urged along in pursuit at such a pace that the distance between the two was slowly but surely diminishing.

"Oh, the idiot!" said Lugard to Hewitt, as, desisting from his labours for a moment, he watched the chase of the barque. "Why doesn't he set his stunsails now that he is running free? He could add another two knots to his speed." Then he walked aft to where Helen was sitting on the poop. She rose as he came to her, his dark face flushed with excitement.

"May I remain on deck, Captain Lugard?" she asked quietly. "I should like to—if I am not in the way."

"Stay until I—until we—ask you to go below," he replied.

"Thank you. I am not afraid, but I do hope that there will be no bloodshed," she said, as she resumed her seat, and lifted her eyes to his.

"There will be no bloodshed, Miss Adair, if we can possibly avoid it. And I honestly believe we can and shall avoid it. I do not think that brigantine will even be able to get near enough to do us any damage with her guns," he said reassuringly.

"I do indeed thank God for that. Believe me, Captain Lugard, I do not feel for myself. I would gladly give myself up to that King's ship, and resign my liberty for ever, rather than know that I was the cause of the taking of one human life."

"Do not fear," he said, in almost whispered tones, "you shall not go back to Australia." Then he quickly went to the weather-rail to join Carroll, just as the latter gave a loud, laughing "Ha, ha!"

"Look, look!" he cried, "the Dutchman has only been playing fox! See, he's setting all his stunsails, and is simply running away from the boat."

For the moment Lugard did not answer, for he was watching the *Coot*, at this time to leeward, less than half a mile distant from and nearly abeam of the brig. As he watched, the brigantine sent a second shot at the *Palmyra* to heave-to. It struck the water a long way short, and Lugard laughed and gave his attention to the Dutch barque and the boat in chase of her.

The astute skipper of the *Leeuwarden* had indeed been "foxing," as Carroll has said. He was quite certain that his vessel could easily run away from the boat, and so determined to do all he could to save the *Palmyra* from capture. To Wray's passionate pleadings and offers of money to crack on all sail, he had turned a polite but deaf ear, but finally, taking pity on the man, he removed his pipe from his mouth and said—

"Mynheer Thompson, don't you fill yourself mit troubles. I know vat I vas doing. I vill let dat man-of-war poat coom oop und oop, und I vill go on und on until dose poor tuyvels of sailor mens vill be tired, und den ven dey begin to coom too close to mine goot schipp, I vill set me mine stunsails, und avay ve vill go like schmoke—so," and taking a long pull at his pipe he shot out a puff of smoke from his distended cheeks.

"But why not put more sails on the ship now?" queried Wray.

"Pecause, Mynheer, I vant to help mine goot friendt Lugardt und der captain of dot brig all I can, und I can help them very mooch by enticing dis boat-full of mens to follow me. Ven dey see dot dey cannot poard my schipp, they vill turn pack und try to catch der *Palmyra*."

Wray was still mystified, until Schouten gave a broad smile and said—

"I don't know, Mynheer, vat ter tuyvel der *Coot* do fire her guns at my schipp for, und chase me as if I vas a bad pirate mans; but I do know that there are some beoples from Sydney on board der *Palmyra* who are in great danger if the *Coot* catches them"; and then he went on to say that as the barque and the brig had both sailed on the same day, and Lugard had informed him that several prisoners were missing, he suspected that the authorities had sent the *Coot* in chase, to try and overhaul both vessels if possible, and to search them for the absconders.

Wray heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad you have told me this; it is a load off my mind. But I am not going back on my word. I offered you another five hundred pounds not to let that boat board your ship. I will pay you the money whenever you assure me we are safe."

Schouten scratched his head. "You must be der richest shentlemans I ever see. Vell, I vill dake der money if you gif it vit a goot heart."

"I will indeed."

"Den go you below, und kiss away der dears from der eyes of der breddy little lady, und dell her from me dat in two hours more ve vill be a long way from der oldt *Coot*, vich ve vill see no more."

As Wray entered the cabin, his wife, almost fainting with terror, fell into his arms.

"Look up, dearest; do not weep any more. We are safe—quite safe. There, come, sit here, and I will tell you how very groundless were our fears."

"I am so glad, Maurice. I know it is childish of me, but I should simply hate to meet anyone from Sydney—it would make me think of poor Uncle Fred and my treachery to him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

When Lieutenant Ralston made his humorous remark to Mr. Commissary Rutland concerning the sailing qualities of his new command, he was not aware of the fact that a few weeks previously the brigantine, whilst undergoing some very necessary repairs, had had her mainmast shifted eighteen inches further forward. The result of this alteration was a very material improvement in her sailing powers, as Carroll soon discovered, for after firing her second shot she continued her chase of the brig, apparently leaving the boat, which was vainly pursuing the *Leeuwarden*, to take care of itself; for Ralston was determined to make the brig bring-to, not only as a matter of duty, but also because his professional pride as a seaman would not allow him to let her slip through his fingers. The breeze by this time had weakened—much to his satisfaction—although a rising bank of clouds to the southward denoted both wind and rain from that quarter, and he therefore determined to send away his only other boat and make a dash for the brig before it was too late; for not only was she slowly but surely outsailing the *Coot*, even in such a light breeze, but he knew that in another hour or so the coming squall would give the chase every chance of getting away, particularly as he was now beginning to feel somewhat anxious about leaving the cutter, which was chasing the barque, exposed to the violence of a tropical squall (which might last several hours), especially as she was very deep in the water, owing to the number of men she carried.

He walked to the weather-rail and looked at the whaling-brig, which was almost within cannon-shot of the nine-pounders with which the *Coot* was armed, and saw that she was still steadily drawing ahead.

"Bo'sun, tell the gunner I want him."

The gunner, a short, square-set man, with "sea-dog" writ large on his rough, hairy face, came aft.

"Donaldson, pick out a dozen of the eighteen men we have left, and you, bo'sun, have the second cutter ready to pipe away in ten minutes to board that brig. You will go in her, Mr. Donaldson. I'll give you further instructions presently." Then he descended to the cabin. Only two persons were there—Dr. Haldane and Captain Lathom. They were seated at the table, smoking in silence.

"Well, gentlemen, this is a most horribly vexatious business, and I wish his Excellency had picked upon some one else to command this confounded brigantine. I'm hanged if I know what to do—but I must do something. This Yankee fellow won't heave-to, and is apparently ready to fight into the bargain; but if I don't board him within half an hour, he'll give us the slip altogether, and I'll be soundly bullied for it when I get back to Sydney, although the Governor—who is Naval Commander-in-Chief—expressly desired me to try and avoid 'harsh measures.' Then, when you came on board, Dr. Haldane, you bring from him a letter telling me that as the Dutch barque sailed from Sydney at the same time that the Yankee left Botany Bay, I must stop her also should I come across her. Then on the top of this he sends me a third letter just as the anchor is underfoot, desiring me to call in at Port Macquarie for you, Captain Lathom, and land you at Port Macquarie—and a very unlucky thing it was for you."

Lathom, who looked worn and ill, and ten years older than when Haldane had seen him last at Waringa, smiled.

"That is not your fault, Mr. Ralston; you are not responsible for the weather, and I know that had it been possible for you to have landed me at Port Macquarie you would have done so. Neither of us is to blame; the Governor, knowing I was at Port Hunter in connection with the escape of prisoner Adair, and that I should be glad to get back to my post by the very first opportunity, naturally enough thought of the *Coot*—and here I am."

"Well, it seems selfish of me to say so, Captain Lathom, but I'm very glad of your company, and I am sure Dr. Haldane was delighted when I told him you were at Port Hunter. Now I must be off on deck, and send that boat away. I am sending the gunner in charge; he's a careful, steady man. I would go myself, but I can't leave the ship, being the only man on the *Coot* able to navigate, except Mr. Coffe, who is away in the cutter after the Dutchman. I sincerely trust the Yankee won't fight, but give in decently when Donaldson gets alongside."

"I wish it also, Mr. Ralston," said Haldane.

"I could, I believe, cripple him by bringing down some of his spars, for he is within range; but I don't want to do it. One reason is that I saw at least one woman on board, and the chances are that she would be the first person to be hit, or perhaps killed."

Haldane touched Lathom's foot with his own under the table.

"I should like to go with the boarding party, Mr. Ralston," he said; "my services may be required."

"It is very good of you, doctor; I hardly like to consent to your exposing yourself, but—"

"Tut, tut! I been under fire before now," replied Haldane, as he rose.

"Well, the boat will be ready in five minutes," and so saying the young officer left the cabin.

"George," said Lathom hurriedly, "if it is her, for

God's sake get her to come with you on board the *Coot*. Tell her and Wray too that I am here, and that she need have no fear. I love my dead sister's child too much not to be ready to forgive them both."

"I will do my best for you, my dear old friend," replied Haldane; "but then it may not be her, but some other woman passenger."

Ten minutes later the second cutter left the brigantine, and as she pushed off, Ralston, as a last hope, signalled, "Heave-to, or I will sink you."

No notice was taken, and the only person now visible on board was the man at the wheel.

But Carroll and Lugard had made their plans, and every man was in readiness, not to repel boarders, but to evade them.

"Now, men," said Carroll, addressing his crew, who were all sitting down on the deck so as to avoid being seen, "Captain Lugard and I have worked this thing out. We will give that boarding party the go-by. Be ready, when I give the word, to jump to the braces, and we'll go round like a humming-top, and be off on the other tack before the Britisher knows it. Then all you've got to do is to skip below as quick as you can, for we'll have to run right past the brigantine, and we'll get her broadside sure enough; and I don't want any of you boys to get hit in the eye with a nine-pound cannon-ball."

"Ay, ay, Sir," growled the men, disappointed at Carroll not allowing the boat to come alongside.

Then Carroll, Lugard, and a dozen seamen sprang up on the poop, the mate, with half-a-dozen more, went forward to attend to the head-sheets, and the rest of the officers and crew stood in the waist, silently expectant.

"Let her go off a bit," said the captain to the steersman.

"Let her go off a bit, Sir."

As the brig paid off, Carroll and Lugard watched the boat, now almost midway between the two vessels, her crew sending her through the water in gallant style.

"We'll do now, Jim, I think."

"Yes; put her round."

Carroll made a gesture to the steersman, who put his helm down quickly, and the *Palmyra* spun round on her heel so steadily and swiftly that Ralston, who was anxiously watching, could not repress an exclamation of admiration, so smartly were her yards braced up on the other tack. In an instant, however, he discerned the reason of the manœuvre.

"Pipe 'bout ship, bos'un!" he shouted.

Shrilly sounded the whistle, and then came the bull-like bellowing roar of the bos'un's voice as he repeated the order, and the few bluejackets on board jumped to the fore-braces.

"Pull, my hearties, pull!" shouted the gunner to his crew, as he slewed the boat's head round and headed her so as to intercept the brig.

Lugard ran forward and stood on the topgallant fo'c'scle.

"Keep off! keep off! or, by heavens, we'll run you down if you get athwart our hawse!" he cried fiercely to the gunner, pointing his pistol at him. And as he spoke ten or twelve of the brig's crew, who had disregarded Carroll's orders to remain below, jumped up after him, and presented their muskets at the boat.

But Donaldson took no heed. With a shout of encouragement to his crew, he deliberately steered for the brig's forefoot, intending to throw a grapnel over the bobstay, and then let the boat swing alongside under the fore-chains.

"Hard up! hard up!" shouted Lugard to Carroll; but it was too late, for either by accident or design the brig, instead of paying off, came up a couple of points and crashed into the boat, the chain bobstay cutting her nearly in halves. Half of her crew were at once thrown into the water, and would have drowned as the brig swept by them had not Dawson and Carroll thrown overboard the wheel-gratings and some spare boat-oars, which were lashed to the after-rail. Three of the occupants—two bluejackets and Dr. Haldane—had just succeeded in getting footing on the bobstay itself, and were holding on to the martingale-guys, when, the brig still forging ahead, the boat parted amidships, the remainder of the crew clinging to the two halves, which quickly went astern, one on the weather, the other on the lee side.

"Quick, you men, get up here on the bowsprit!" cried a well-remembered voice to Haldane; and Lugard leant over and extended a helping hand. "You'll be washed off and drowned if you stay there."

Scarcely had Haldane and the two seamen clambered on board when Carroll's loud voice rang out, as, taking the wheel himself, he cried—

"Down below, everybody!"

"Lie down, Sir, lie down," said Lugard to the doctor, "the brigantine is luffing to give us a broadside."

The four men flung themselves flat down on the topgallant fo'c'scle, and no one remained erect but Carroll at the wheel.

Ralston, anxious to cripple the brigantine only, waited till she was within a cable length, and, sighting his guns for her foremast, fired.

There was a crashing of timber, and a big splinter was ripped out from the foremast just below the futtocks, but no other damage was done.

Carroll took off his cap and bowed politely to Ralston, and then, as the hands came tumbling up from below, he shouted out—

"All hands shorten sail!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

As the crew of the *Palmyra* sprang aloft to shorten sail, Lugard and Haldane went aft, and the latter waved his hand to Ralston and Lathom, who were both standing on the quarter-deck of the brigantine. They waved their hats to him in reply, and then the distance between the two vessels rapidly widened. The only remaining boat the *Coot* possessed—a small dinghy,

* A whaler's "lay" is the moiety or share of the proceeds of the cruise on which both officers and men ship instead of wages.

carried on davits at the stern—was being lowered to rescue the gunner and his crew; for Ralston's chief concern now was first to get these men on board and then pick up the first cutter before the coming squall overtook and swamped her; once this was done he intended to keep up the chase.

As Haldane stood on the after-deck, the captain of the whaler eyed him sourly, and wondered who he was until Lugard told him in a few hurried words.

"This is Dr. Haldane. He is a civilian passenger on the *Coot*, and only came with the boarding-party in case his professional services were required."

Carroll's face lightened. "Well, Dr. Haldane, I'm sorry for you. You and the two men with you will have to stay on board until we meet with some vessel bound to the colonies. I have but the one boat, and I'm not going to run any more risks by trying to send you back to your ship. As it is, I had a task to restrain my crew from firing into her just now, after the unwarrantable attack she has made upon this vessel. But," he added, looking at the doctor's dripping garments, "you had best go below, and my steward will give you a change of clothes, and Captain Lugard will give you something to take the taste of salt-water out of your mouth."

"Thank you," said Haldane, as he followed Lugard, who took him into his own cabin. The moment they were alone the doctor put his hand on Lugard's shoulder and looked steadily at him.

"Captain Lugard, I have no unfriendly feeling to either Captain Carroll or yourself—quite the reverse—and I now ask you, as man to man and in confidence, to answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"There is a lady on board?"

"There is."

"Is she Miss Lathom, of Waringa?"

"No."

Haldane gave a sigh of relief, and for a moment or two Lugard eyed him curiously. "You will see the lady herself presently, Dr. Haldane; but first take a stiff peg whilst I tell the steward about getting you a change."

A quarter of an hour later Lugard knocked at the door.

"I've come in to have a quiet talk with you, Dr. Haldane. What I now tell you you would yourself discover before many hours." He paused a moment. "I made your acquaintance at Waringa under false colours as far as the motives of my visit were concerned. I came to the colony to effect the liberation of certain Irish prisoners—John Adair, his daughter, and two brothers named Montgomery. I succeeded."

"I am aware of it; I heard the story—or rather the stories of Adair's escape and your attempted arrest—from Rutland. Believe me, Sir, when I tell you that the Irish political prisoners have always had my sympathy."

"Then you will extend that sympathy to John Adair's daughter. John Adair himself is dead. He died on this ship in her arms. You know her. You and Lathom have been kind to her in the past, and she now wishes to see you."

"I have been kind to her! I did not know either Adair or his daughter."

"Not poor Adair himself, but you knew Helen Cronin."

Haldane sprang to his feet and grasped Lugard's two hands. "Good heavens! Helen Cronin! And she is here! Let me see her at once!" he said.

"Presently, doctor. Now, a little while ago you asked me, as from man to man, if Miss Lathom was on board this ship. Let us be frank. You expected to find her here, did you not?"

"I did."

"With Lieutenant Wray?"

"Yes." And then, releasing Lugard's hands, he sat down and said quietly—

"I see you must know something about them. How you learnt it I do not ask. But I do ask you to tell me if you know where they are."

Lugard considered his reply; then he asked slowly, "You are Lathom's friend?"

"His steadfast, his best, his truest friend. Do you know he is on board the *Coot*? Did you not see him wave his hat to me?"

Lugard stared at him. "Captain Lathom? How came you and he to be together? I thought he was appointed to Port Macquarie."

Haldane rapidly told the story.

"It was a cruel thing that she should go off like that, without one single word of farewell, Dr. Haldane. Now you have asked me to tell you where she is. She and Wray are together on that Dutch barque."

"Ha! Did you see them?"

"No, but I know they are on board. They were married in Sydney by Captain Schouten." And then he told Haldane all he knew, from the time of his overhearing Lamont and Wray discussing the means of flight, to Helen's brief vision of Ida Lathom's face in the stern port of the *Leeuwarden*.



"God help the poor Dutchman!"

"And now, Dr. Haldane, you know all that I can tell you. I think I have persuaded Miss Adair that she was labouring under a delusion when she thought she saw Miss Lathom. Let her still think so. It would only shock her to know that such ingratitude can exist."

"You are right. She is a good woman. Lathom, I know, thinks very highly of her, and both he and I feel certain that she is a girl of good birth and education."

"She has the most grateful remembrances of Captain Lathom—By the way, you might as well avoid mentioning the fact of his being on the *Coot* to her. She would naturally wonder at it."

"Certainly," replied Haldane, as he followed the American into the main cabin, where Helen was seated awaiting him.

"My dear Miss Adair, I am glad to see you again," said the surgeon kindly, as he pressed her hand and sat down beside her.

"And I to see you, Dr. Haldane," she said warmly. "How is Captain Lathom?"

"Quite well. Now tell me all about yourself and your adventures."

Leaving them together, Lugard went on deck, and was just in time to catch a glimpse of the *Leeuwarden* ere the thick, blinding rain-squall hid her from view. She, too, had shortened sail, and the boat which had chased her was, he was glad to see, pulling hard for the *Coot*.

"There is a lot more wind behind this," shouted Carroll as Lugard approached.

"Yes," he replied, as he turned his back to the wind and rain, and leant against the weather-rail; "lots of it."

Under her two topsails and a reefed fore-course only, the brig was now tearing through the water at nine or ten knots, the wind gradually increasing in strength. At sunset it began to moderate, and when the moon rose she was doing about eight knots over a comparatively smooth sea. The *Leeuwarden* was still in sight

when the cabin-table was laid for supper; and Helen, Haldane, Lugard, Hewitt, and the mate had just seated themselves when the brig heeled over to a fresh rain-squall.

Carroll put his head down under the lee side of the skylight.

"Go on with supper. Don't wait for me. This is a bit of a teaser. It's as thick as peasoup."

Just as supper was finished, and while the vessel was still flying before the squall, there came a dreaded cry from the look-out.

"Breakers right ahead! Hard down, Sir, hard down!"

It was too late, for even as Carroll shouted "Bout ship!" and the wheel spun round, the brig struck with an appalling crash, heeled over to port, and remained hard and fast for a moment or two until a great roller caught her broadside on and carried her, grinding and crashing the coral beneath, further up on the reef.

And almost at the same moment a blue light cast its ghastly glare over the wild turmoil of seething foam, and revealed the *Leeuwarden* lying broadside on the reef half a cable length away, with her foremast gone and the seas breaking over her.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Lugard, always cool and collected, was the first to speak.

"Stay here, Miss Adair. Please do not attempt to come on deck, or you may be hurt, or perhaps killed by a falling spar. Hewitt, and you also, Dr. Haldane, please remain in the cabin."

The mate had already rushed on deck, and Lugard quickly followed.

"The brig is done for, Jim!" cried Carroll, "and so is the Dutchman." Then he roared out—

"Jump, Jim, jump! Look out, men!" And he sprang to the main rigging.

A huge mountain wave came towering along, its curling, wavering crest hissing viciously, as if it were some sentient, malignant creature bent on destruction

and death. It broke within a few fathoms' length of the brig, and then the mighty wall of foam lifted her stern high up, and literally carried her completely over the reef into the smooth water of one of the many channels which intersect the labyrinth of Wreck Reef.

A quarter of an hour later Carroll succeeded in bringing her to, and anchoring in ten fathoms just as the moon revealed itself for a few minutes from out the thick rain-mist.

"God help the poor Dutchman!" said the mate, pointing to the *Leeuwarden*, which continued to burn blue lights, appealing for assistance. She had fallen over on her beam ends, her decks facing seaward, and every few minutes seas would make a clear breach over three parts of her length. All of her boats appeared to have been washed away, except one in the waist, which had been hopelessly crushed by the foreyard when the foremast fell. Clustered together on the topgallant forecastle were all her people—having taking refuge there by Schouten's orders, for the ship's head was canted somewhat away from the sweeping seas, and he feared that she would part amidships at any moment.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE END OF THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: THE CONCLUDING CAVALRY CHARGE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOPK FROM SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD.



THE 14TH HUSSARS (FRENCH'S CAVALRY) CHARGING THE 5TH LANCERS.

On the last day of the Manœuvres, General Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, of the invading force, charged Bruce Hamilton's Mounted Infantry on Woolley Down. He captured two companies of mounted infantry, but finally had to retire before Scobell's Horse.

THE END OF THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES: THE INVADING LEADER IN DANGER.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD.



THE ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE SIR EVELYN WOOD AND STAFF AT A FARMHOUSE, WEST SHEFFORD.

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood and his staff had halted in a farmyard, when a sergeant and five men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders crept up and attempted to seize the leader of the invading force. They caught at Sir Evelyn's bridle, but the Field-Marshal's horse reared, and the party, wheeling about, made off in safety.

MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.



THE ENGLISH MANŒUVRES: THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS CAPTURING THE VILLAGE OF WEST SHEFFORD.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD.

The village of West Shefford became on September 16 the objective of French's First Division (under Paget), and this place also turned out to be the objective of Wood's Fifth Division (under Rundle). During the day the village was carried by the Highlanders.



THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES: INTERCEPTING THE ENEMY'S MESSAGES.

During the recent German Manœuvres the field telephone was extensively used, and on favourable opportunities the opposing forces tapped each other's wires, as in the accompanying illustration.

AN "ALL-WHITE" FARM: LORD ALINGTON'S ALBINO COLLECTION AT MORE CRICHEL.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



I. SEBASTOPOL GESE, SNOW GOOSE,
LONG-HAIRED GUINEA PIGS, ETC.

2. A CORNER OF THE HENROOST.

3. WHITE BLACKBIRD AND WHITE JACKDAWS.

4. WHITE MULE.

5. WHITE INDIAN BULL.

6. "SNOWY OWL," FROM NORWAY.

7. SMALL WHITE BERKSHIRE.

8. WHITE GOAT.

9. WHITE RABBITS.

More Cricchel, six miles north-west of Wimborne, is the house and demesne of the old Sturt family, the present head of which was created Lord Alington. The place is chiefly celebrated for the stud farm, one of the great training establishments of the country; but of no less interest to the visitor is the collection of albinos and other "white" animals, called "The White Farm." Our Illustration shows a few specimens from a valuable and numerous collection.

INDIA, TURKESTAN, AND FORMOSA.

The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India. By John Campbell Oman. Illustrated by William Campbell Oman. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 14s.)

Buddhist India. By T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D. "Story of the Nations." (London: Unwin. 5s.)

Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan. By M. A. Stein. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

The Island of Formosa. By James W. Davidson, F.R.G.S., Consul of the United States for Formosa. (London: Macmillan. 25s.)

Mr. John Campbell Oman, sometime Professor of Natural Science in the Government College of Lahore, and author of several works dealing with native life in India, has just published a most instructive study of Sadhuism. The book is called "Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India," and deals not only with the Sadhus, but the Yogis, the Sanyasis, the Bairagis, and other Hindu sectarians. The British official and the British tourist have neglected the Sadhu, and have not realised that he has been in India since times preceding the birth of Christ or Buddha; that he plays a part in maintaining the political homogeneity of the country, and helps to maintain the ideals of the Hindu. In the West, as Mr. Oman sees so well, the popular national ideal is royalty or aristocracy; in the New World of America it is money and successful politics; but in India it is asceticism. The asceticism of the Hindu tends to break down the caste prejudices of Brahminism, to develop the charity of the multitude, to encourage tolerance for all forms of thought. The Sadhu corresponds in some fashion to the Mohammedan fakir; but while Islam is full of fanaticism and never loses sight of the "jihad" on its mental horizon, the Sadhu is a man of peace, looking for power through the practice of the severest discipline. In early youth a religious student living on alms, in manhood a Grihasta (a married man rearing a family and attending to household concerns), he should pass in middle age—according to the sacred Shastras—to the condition of a recluse, living on the food of the forest and contemplating nature. Finally, the good Hindu becomes a Sanyasi, and, all earthly desires forgotten, lives by begging. From the teaching of the Shastras the Sadhus have arisen; but their growth and development have been helped by other causes—by the depressing conditions so long prevalent in the native life of India, by the vegetable diet, by the use of hemp as stimulant or narcotic. We cannot resist the thought that Sadhuism, which has kept Islam from quite overrunning India, is particularly suited to the native Hindu and to the policy of his rulers. Modern Hinduism has tended to destroy the power of the Brahmins; and the modern Hindu has a distinct tendency to regard the wandering ascetic Sadhu as the incarnation of his deity. It is clear that the condition of ecstasy or exaltation brought about by his ascetic practices helps the Sadhu to dream dreams and to see visions; that in rare cases he acquires certain gifts denied to men of grosser lives and less spiritual instincts. Naturally these material gains from the ascetic life have been turned to base purposes over and over again; they are largely exploited in America to-day. Limits of space forbid further reference to the volume; one can but direct the reader to the interesting chapters dealing with Jain monks and the science of the Yoga Vidya. Herein one may find some suggestion of the origin of phenomena founded upon the ancient Indian knowledge of the conditions that our unsatisfactory word "hypnotism" is forced to cover. Mr. Oman's book is not always pleasant reading, for he has to describe some very unpleasant ceremonial observances; but he has done all he can to spare his reader, while adding very largely to his knowledge.

Dr. Rhys Davids' position as an authority on Buddhism is undisputed, and the story of Buddhist India could not have been entrusted to a writer better qualified to tell it. But the fact is that there is not very much of a story, in the ordinary sense, to tell. Buddhism rose in Northern India, was made the State religion by Asoka in the third century B.C., and some five hundred years later was the creed of dynasties of Tartar origin in the North-West. Then, somehow or other, it was expelled from the land of its origin. To-day you will find it in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Tibet, China, Japan—but nowhere in India. The ordinary idea is that it was crushed by vigorous Brahmin persecution, but Dr. Rhys Davids refuses to believe this. He thinks that it exhausted its force and died out, its extinction being helped by the series of invasions from the North-West. But it is odd that the somewhat similar and equally old religion of Jainism should still survive, if there was no active suppression of Buddhism. The present book is really a description of Indian society in the period between the original Aryan conquest, the early civilisation on which the Vedas are our authority, and the later anarchy which preceded the Mohammedan invasions, where Indian history, in the sense of a connected, dated record, may be said to begin. Dates are uncertain, events unchronicled, and history has to be collected from the inaccurate impressions of casual Greek travellers, the pictures of society presented in the Buddhist sacred books, and the evidence of inscriptions and coins. Dr. Rhys Davids points out that, *faute de mieux*, most scholars have been content to accept the Brahmin version of the state of early India. He advances weighty reasons for doubting the correctness of these versions. The Brahmins hated Buddhism and were jealous of the secular powers. Religion and literature fell entirely into their hands, and it may fairly be supposed that they were anxious to ante-date the predominance which they had undoubtedly acquired by the fifth or sixth century. A priestly caste, with history its secure monopoly, is likely to claim extreme antiquity for its privileges and pretensions. The present book is an admirable piece of work, and its value is increased by the numerous illustrations of sculpture and inscriptions. But it may be wise to say that it can only be really enjoyed by those who have already formed some acquaintance with primitive Indian civilisation, and with the nature of Buddhism itself. It contains, for instance, no account of Buddha's life.

Eastern Turkestan has no attractions for the globe-trotter; in fact, few men and women who travel for pleasure know anything about the great expanse of country that has Afghanistan on its western borders and Tibet on the south. As Dr. Aurel Stein says in his interesting book, "Sand-Buried Ruins of Khotan," the country lies beyond the "stimulating influence of Biblical associations"; and it has been left to the Doctor, aided by the wise and generous discrimination of the Indian Government, to show us more clearly than any of his predecessors has done that Eastern Turkestan is as interesting as it is difficult to reach. Buddhism, spreading from India long centuries ago, created a civilisation that flourished, passed, and would have been entirely lost but for the Taklamakan Desert, whose shifting sands covered and preserved records that Dr. Stein has brought to light. This civilisation, "uniform and well defined," was at once Indian and Chinese; for while the culture was largely Indian, the dominant political power was from China, and, stranger still, there are traces of purely Western influences, the classical art of Greece having left records in the figures of Greek deities on the Government seals. Altogether, Eastern Turkestan is full of interest, and the Indian Government did well in allowing Dr. Stein, the learned and industrious Inspector of Schools for the Punjab, to investigate the records that were awaiting, amid the preserving sands, the hand and eye of a sympathetic archæologist. Dr. Stein has completed a great work, and does not fail to acknowledge the kindness and consideration he received at the hands of the Chinese authorities, though he was pursuing his inquiries at the time when the Boxer outbreak was threatening the Legations at Peking. His book is intended to present in popular form, a comprehensive view of the larger work embodied in his full scientific report, and it may be praised without any reservation. The author protests against the wanton destruction of old records perpetrated by ignorant travellers, who do not know what they take away or care how difficult they make the task of the scholar who follows them, and the protest is well timed. One of the Doctor's achievements was the discovery of the forger of certain manuscripts that have greatly puzzled Orientalists. One Islam Akhun, of Khotan, a collector of seals and coins in Khotan villages in the days of his youth, woke to the fact that the Governments of Russia and Great Britain were eager to have old manuscripts to decipher. Anxious to help, he found a few genuine manuscripts to work from, imitated their form on modern Khotan paper which he dyed with the staining product of the Toghruk tree, hung over smoke fires, and finally buried in sand. When his manuscripts had the proper appearance, they were sold to interested collectors, and Dr. Stein says he saw a number of the forger's block-printed codices bound in morocco-leather in a great European library. Alas for human ingenuity!—Islam Akhun, his occupation gone, now practises as a doctor, armed with some pages of a French novel and some sheets of a Swedish newspaper, which he administers in homœopathic doses to desperate deserving native cases.

Until the occupation of Formosa by the Japanese in 1895 it is probable that as little was known of that island by the man in the street as was known of Fashoda by that individual before Colonel Marchand's celebrated exploit. Little had been written about it, and some of the earliest works on the subject, such as the "Historical and Geographical History of Formosa" (1704), by that egregious fabulist, George Psalmanazar, though credited for a time, were soon placed in the category where all things are forgotten. The appearance of the "Voyages et Mémoires de M. A. Comte de Benyowsky," nearly a century later, also strained the credulity of the public not a little. Since those days, however, the island has been visited by countless travellers and missionaries, and was opened to foreign trade by the Treaty of Tientsin (1858). Notwithstanding that the island has thus of later years been comparatively accessible to foreigners, not much that is authoritative has been published about it, and Mr. Davidson tells us that he finds a dearth of authorities on his library bookshelves. Of those he has consulted he gives a list, which is, however, by no means complete. We should have expected to find, for example, Pickering's "Pioneering in Formosa" and other recent works among the books cited. But we agree with Mr. Davidson that no complete work on the history and products of the island had appeared when he took up his pen. Probably the very fluctuating condition of the island is accountable for this lack. For it was not until the recent transfer of Formosa to the Japanese that any sense of finality was associated with its political condition. Up to the time when that event took place, the history of the island was chequered. For many centuries it was the battleground of savage tribes, who for a time yielded a partial obedience to the Dutch when, in 1624, these transferred themselves from the Pescadores, where they had clandestinely established themselves, to Formosa, by an arrangement arrived at with the Chinese. Some few years before this a Dutch captain had gained a footing on the island by an expedient which suggests the old national characteristic of giving too little and asking too much. Probably, with the recollection of Dido before Carthage in his mind, he bargained with the Japanese settlers on that part of the coast for the possession of as much ground as could be covered with a bull's hide. This having been granted, he cut the hide into slips, and with them surrounded a substantial piece of land. For thirty-eight years the Dutch held possession of Formosa, and were then (1662) driven out by Koxinga, the celebrated pirate, who established dominion over the island until, in his turn (1683), he yielded place to the Manchu conquerors of China. These constituted the island an appanage to the province of Fukien, and so it remained until 1887, when it was made an independent province, and as such was handed over to the Japanese by treaty at the conclusion of the Sino-Japanese War. On these subjects, as well as on the more general topics, Mr. Davidson supplies interesting and accurate information, the value of which is enhanced by numerous illustrations.

THE MEMOIR OF A TRANSLATOR.

The appearance of a brief record of a life of extraordinary intellectual and moral force, which extended over the best part of a century, has recalled to memory one of the most accomplished women of the age that has just closed. Miss Anna Swanwick did not live in the glare of publicity, and outside a certain cultivated circle (but that the very best) her name was perhaps less well-known than it deserved; but she must be ranked as one of the great women of the nineteenth century—all the greater, indeed, that she did her work quietly and with none of that fuss and self-assertion which so often spoil the clever women of the newer school, and schools.

Miss Swanwick's literary work, with the exception of one or two essays of minor consideration, was done in the field of verse-translation from the ancient and modern classics. In this most difficult and somewhat under-estimated branch of literature she was wonderfully successful, and it is not too much to say that she stands pre-eminent in a field where her rivals were Milman, Plumptre, and, later in the day, Lewis Campbell and Mr. Morshead. A large number of readers to whom the original is a sealed book learned from Miss Swanwick to know and appreciate Æschylus, Goethe, and Schiller. Her version of the most Titanic of the three great tragic writers of Greece is in admirable sympathy with the Æschylean spirit.

In none of her versions was she happier than in the "Prometheus," where even the famous passage about the sea's "innumerable laughter" found an English guise that was perfectly acceptable alike to ear and understanding. Her "Faust," too, although it does not reproduce the rhythms of the original with the same faultless accuracy as Bayard Taylor's, has been accorded a very high place among English verse-translations. It is often, indeed, superior to Taylor's in ease and flexibility of verse, although the "Walpurgis Nacht" must reasonably yield the palm to Shelley's extraordinarily deft rendering.

Anna Swanwick lived what was as nearly as possible an ideal life. The record compiled by her niece, Mary L. Bruce (Fisher Unwin), gives idyllic glimpses of her early days. The Swanwicks were a family where the parents' gifts and intelligence created a delightful atmosphere. Anna and her sisters always lived against what may be called a literary background, and the emergence of some such prodigy as the youngest daughter was almost inevitable. At four years of age Anna could repeat "L'Allegro," which she had picked up from hearing the poem read aloud. Her sisters' schoolfellows used to delight in this performance, and it was irresistibly amusing to hear the sounding Miltonic lines, especially in the opening abjuration of "loathed melancholy," issuing from the infant mouth. But neither as girl nor woman was Anna Swanwick, for all her erudition, ever a terror.

She learned very rapidly, but quite early in her schooldays felt the restrictions that then beset the path of learning for women. She felt, she confessed long afterwards in an address delivered at Bedford College, like the Peri excluded from Paradise, and she longed to assume the costume of a boy in order to study Latin, Greek, and mathematics. In some part, her desire for the higher education was gratified when, at the age of eighteen, she came under the influence of the late Dr. James Martineau, with whom she studied mathematics and philosophy. Her friendship with Dr. Martineau was severed only by death. For her opportunity to study Greek she had to wait until she was twenty-five, when she went to Berlin—a great adventure for a young lady in 1838—to reside with the family of Dr. Zumpt, the philologist, whose name inevitably recalls certain wearily recurring footnotes to the grammar where he shone in exasperating conjunction with Madvig.

Miss Swanwick, who was born in 1813, lived until 1899, preserving to the last her extraordinary vigour of intellect. She was one of the few who maintained the traditions of the *salon*. Among her friends were all the most distinguished men and women of the time, including Mr. Gladstone, who greatly admired her work. Every movement which made for the advancement of her own sex found in Miss Swanwick a fervent advocate, and not only movements affecting women, but all that made for the advancement and intellectual welfare of the community.

Although sprung of a Nonconforming stock that traced its descent from Philip Henry, the famous opponent of the Act of Uniformity, Miss Swanwick outgrew many of the narrower prejudices which at first hedged her about. In her earlier days she held very rigid views on Sabbath observance; but latterly she entered heartily into the work of the Sunday Society, which exists to open the national Museums and Galleries on Sundays. Her most lasting public service, however, was performed in the administration of the great Pfeiffer Educational Bequest. Miss Swanwick was named by the testator, together with the late Mr. Mundella and Mr. Fitch, to act on an informal consultative committee with regard to the disposal of Mr. Pfeiffer's estate. Her colleagues on that board have confessed how greatly the scheme for the benefit of higher education which they were enabled to establish was furthered by Miss Swanwick's experience and sagacity.

Verse-translation may not be the highest form of literary achievement, but it has the special value of opening up to readers unskilled in the original tongues the masterpieces of the world with something of their pristine charm. This by no means inconsiderable work Anna Swanwick set herself to accomplish, and for her achievement she deserves to be held in grateful remembrance.

THE GENERAL RISING IN THE BALKANS: BULGARIA, MILITARY AND CIVIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.



A SCENE OF THE MOBILISATION IN BULGARIA: TROOPS IN SEMMER UNIFORMS.
A PICTUREQUE BULGARIAN INDUSTRY: AN ATTAR-OF-ROSE FACTORY NEAR SOFIA.

BULGARIAN TROOPS CONSTRUCTING A MILITARY BRIDGE.
PEASANTS AT WORK IN THE FIELDS: WOMEN SPINNING WITH DISTAFF AND SPINDLE.

On the frontier, near Philippopolis, eighteen thousand men are at present concentrated. Owing to the great heat of September weather in Bulgaria, the men are still wearing their white summer uniforms.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,
Secretary of State for India
(Resigned).

MR. KREMER,
Chancellor of the Exchequer
(Resigned).

LORD BATHURST or BATHURST,
Secretary for Scotland
(Resigned).

LORD SEASTON,
Mentioned as Postmaster-
General.

LORD OSWALD,
President of the Board
of Agriculture.

LORD LANSLOW,
President of the Board
of Education.

LORD DUNLY,
Lord Lieutenant
of Ireland.

EARL PERCY,
Mentioned as First Lord
of the Admiralty.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER,
Mentioned as Secretary
for War.



MR. LONG,
President of the Local
Government Board.

MR. A. CHAMBERLAIN,
Mentioned as Chancellor
of the Exchequer.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER,
Home Secretary.

LORD SELWYN,
Mentioned as Secretary
for the Colonies.

LORD HALSBURY,
Lord Chancellor.

MR. GERALD BATHURST,
President of the Board
of Trade.

DICKINSON,
Lord President
of the Council.

LORD ASHBOURNE,
Lord Chancellor
of Ireland.

MR. JACKSON,
Mentioned as Secretary
for India.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM,
Chief Secretary
for Ireland.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR,
First Lord of the Treasury
and Prime Minister.

LORD LANSLOW,
Secretary for Foreign
Affairs.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
Secretary for the Colonies
(Resigned).

THE EFFECT OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FISCAL PROPOSALS ON THE GOVERNMENT: THE CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

THE PREDATORY LAW IN NATURE: A FEATHERED CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY G. E. LONGE.



SPARROW-HAWK RAIDING A FLOCK OF CHAFFINCHES.

The sparrow-hawk here shown is a cock bird in the first year's plumage, which is retained for about fourteen months after hatching and is distinguished by the upper plumage having reddish tips and edges to the feathers, whereas in the adult bird these are of a plain colour throughout. Hawks always strike their prey with their feet with a movement of lightning swiftness as they overtake their quarry.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR: THE AERONAUTICAL EXHIBITION AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE, AND MR SPENCER'S AIR-SHIP TRIALS.



1. AIR-SHIPS OLD AND NEW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE EXHIBITION.—[Sketches by Ralph Cleaver.]

2. MR. SPENCER'S GREAT ATTEMPT TO ROUND ST. PAUL'S IN HIS AIR-SHIP, SEPTEMBER 17: THE BALLOON OVER THE CATHEDRAL, AS VIEWED FROM THE ROOF OF MESSRS. THOMAS COOK AND SON'S PREMISES.—[Sketch by A. Hugh Fisher.]

3. MR. SPENCER'S AIR-SHIP IN FLIGHT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE NEED FOR TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Public attention, long ere these lines appear in print, will have been abundantly directed to the Presidential Address delivered before the British Association at Southport by Sir Norman Lockyer. Resisting a natural temptation to lead us forth to contemplate the starry heavens, the wonders of spectroscopic research, or the topic whether we really reside on an insignificant orb or upon one which is a central point in the universe (as suggested by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace), Sir N. Lockyer adopted the rôle of a preacher to the nation. He was intent on teaching Britain a very important lesson indeed—that of her need to “wake up” in the matter of University and specially scientific training in order that we may be better prepared than now to fight those industrial battles whose victories are those of peace and progress.

Sir N. Lockyer happily, before all things else, spoke plainly and to the point. He warns us, Cassandra-like, of what will happen to us if, by reason of the neglect of scientific training and the consequent want of the means to compete with other nations in production, we fall behind in the industrial race. The trade will no longer “follow the flag,” because we shall not be able to offer our goods at prices, and, perchance, of qualities, capable of holding their own in the open markets of the world. No amount of “protection” can possibly benefit any country if its own goods are below the standard in quality, and if they become secondary products in place of representing those of highest excellence. This standard cannot be maintained without resort to the latest appliances, and the most recent and best of manufacturing expedients, and these last, in turn, are only possible of attainment through the scientific education of the people. It is this education which Sir N. Lockyer says is most inadequately represented in our islands to-day. His address is a plea for the recognition of the fact, and still more for the remedying of the defects he chronicles with so free and so unsparing a hand.

Of course, this cry of inefficient education has been heard for years, but the necessities of our case have rarely been so plainly shown forth as at Southport. If we are to look to the Universities as the great means whereby adequate training in chemistry, engineering, and all other branches bearing directly on trade is to be had, then we are told that the number of these institutions will require to be immensely increased. What is equally to the point, they would also require to be State-supported, in place of being left to the mercenisms of private philanthropists. Sir N. Lockyer would have us set apart twenty-four millions of money to this end for buildings, equipment, and maintenance of existing and new colleges. Every big town in the land would then have its great centre of the higher learning, and more clearly than before would Huxley's ideal of the pathway from the gutter to the University be realised. The figures given regarding German State support of its Universities are startling. To one of its seats of learning Germany gives more than our Government allows to all our colleges put together. An interesting calculation is made that if the University of a city, say, like Leeds received as much as Marburg, its income would amount to £37,000. To raise this sum in Leeds, it is estimated a tax of sevenpence per pound would require to be levied on the rates, with a penny additional for buildings. The rates of Leeds are stated already to amount to seven shillings per pound, so that the additional impost may be regarded as impracticable as things are. The German Government, however, finds the task of equipment possible—how, it would be interesting to learn. Living is cheaper abroad; people do not spend so much on luxurious living, life is taken more seriously than with us, and the nation, realising its educational wants, and what their satisfying means to the country's prosperity, provides money accordingly.

It has never been a characteristic of the British race that, once entered upon a struggle, it has failed to bear its own part in the fray. Once roused to a sense of what it owes itself in the matter of training its brains and hands to the work of the world, one may feel certain that the reforms Sir N. Lockyer, Professor Perry, and others demand will not long be delayed. Only, if one seeks for reasons why we have been so dilatory in appreciating the fact that other nations have forged ahead of us in educational affairs, I think one might find several of obvious enough nature. To begin with, we exhibit a too fervent devotion to party politics. Every petty question is threshed out with such detail that purely national affairs get the go-by. Our Parliamentary representatives, excellent men, no doubt, most of them, do not exhibit that sympathy with scientific demands and suggestions which would render reform easy. Their training has not been effected on scientific lines, and their interests are not directed in the pathways wherein Sir N. Lockyer would like to see them placed.

Then of late days we have exhibited a display of the war-spirit. There has been, and is still, a good deal of unrest in the country, and we have been fortifying, and building additional ships, and agitating over our Army. All very necessary things these, no doubt, and so long as there is no prospect of peace universal, I suppose we are bound to see that our powder is dry. But if we are to realise the higher development of our manufactures and trade—and it is these which make a nation and support it—we shall have to find time to attend to peaceful things as well as to make guns and experiment with explosives. We should receive a tacit moral lesson if education of the kind Sir N. Lockyer says we must have become a national watchword. There would be less unrest among us, and the full competition with other peoples would ensure for them also a closer attention to peace and a greater inaptitude to consider wars and rumours of wars.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

G FISHER (Belfast).—With regard to problem No. 3095, if 1. R to B 3rd, Kt takes P; 2. B takes Kt, P to B 5th, and no mate.

ROBERT TAYLOR (Liverpool).—There are perhaps grounds for your complaint, but at this season of the year we cannot help it.

M J H (Primrose Hill).—Please look again; there is no other second move available.

E SAUNDERS.—(1) Problem to hand; please send your address. (2) The balance of expert opinion is against the opening.

T WILKINSON (Islington).—It is impossible to publish the whole series. We can only give a selection. See answer to G. Fisher above.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3092 received from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3093 from T A Pope (Calcutta) and R C Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3094 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3095 from Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), Emile Frau (Lyons), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), E Combe (Lausanne), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and H S Brandreth (Montreux); of No. 3097 from Hereward, E Bygott (Liverpool), J D Tucker (Ilkley), F B (Worthing), C Talboys (Dursley), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), Emile Frau (Lyons), M A Eyre (Folkestone), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Joseph Cook, Thomas H Knight (Greenwich), E Combe (Lausanne), and George Fisher (Belfast).

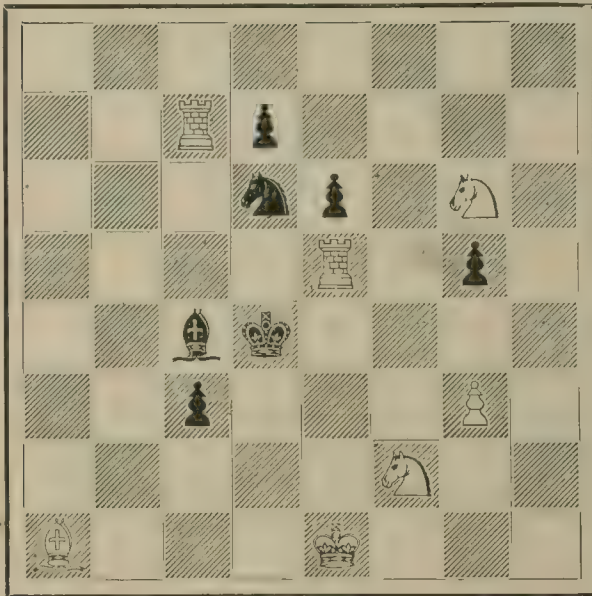
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3098 received from C E Perugini, Clement C Danby, E Saunders, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Sorrento, F Henderson (Leeds), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Edith Corser (Reigate), Reginald Gordon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J Wilkinson, T Roberts, F J S (Hampstead), R Worters (Canterbury), J W (Campsie), Martin F, Charles Burnett, and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3097.—By A. M. SPARKE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B 3rd Any move
2. Q, R, or Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3100.—By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played in the Counties Chess Association between
Messrs. J. MORTIMER and R. F. JONES.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	27. B to K 3rd	R to K Kt sq
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	28. K to B 3rd	Kt (Rsq) to Kt 3
3. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Q 4th	29. R to K Kt sq	R to Kt 2nd
4. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	30. K to B 2nd	Kt to Kt sq
5. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	31. B to Q sq	Kt to B 3rd
6. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	32. K to B sq	Kt to B sq
7. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 5th	33. Kt to R 5th	
8. B to R 4th	B to K 2nd		
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B sq		
10. Kt to B 4th	P to K R 4th		
11. B to B 2nd	P to K Kt 4th		
12. Kt to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th		
All this means little else than a weakening of his position.			
13. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 3rd	34. B takes Kt	B takes Kt
14. P to B 4th	P to B 4th	35. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K 4th
15. P to K R 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	36. Kt to B 2nd	B to K 2nd
16. P takes P	R P takes P	37. P to R 3rd	P to Kt 4th
17. R takes R (ch)	Kt takes R	38. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
18. K to B 2nd	K to Q 2nd	39. P to Q sq	Kt to B 2nd
19. Q to R sq	K to B 2nd	40. P to K Kt 4th	P takes P
20. Q to R 7th	B to Q 2nd	41. R takes P	R to R 2nd
21. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to R 5th	42. B to B 2nd	R to R sq
22. Kt to B sq	Q to K 2nd	43. R to Kt 7th	
Evidently playing for the draw. The game at this point is not very interesting.			
23. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q	44. P to B 5th	R to K B sq
24. K to K 2nd	P to K sq	45. P to B 6th	Kt to B sq
25. Kt to R sq	P to Kt 6th	46. P takes B	K to Q 2nd
26. Kt (B sq) tks P	B to B 2nd		Resigns.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. ELLIOTT and ROPER.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. P to K Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
2. P to B 4th	P takes P	12. P to Q 3rd	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th		
5. B takes P (ch)	K takes B		
6. Kt to K 5th (ch)	K to K sq		
7. Q takes P	Kt to K B 3rd		
8. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd		
9. Kt to B 4th	B to K 3rd		
10. P to K 5th	B takes Kt		
11. P takes Kt	B to K 3rd		
12. Castles	K to B 2nd		
13. R to K sq	P to Q 4th		
14. R takes B			

Played with excellent judgment. Black is

Another game played in America between Major HANHAM
and Mr. E. DELMAR.

(Rice Gambit.)

WHITE (Major H.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Major H.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. P to K Kt 3rd	P to B 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	12. P to Q 3rd	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th		
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to K B 3rd		
6. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th		
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd		
8. Castles	B takes Kt		
9. R to K sq	Q to K 2nd		
10. P to B 3rd	P to B 6th		

White mates in two moves. Black has been forced to give the odds of two Rooks and a Knight. Every piece of White has been employed.

An obvious mistake. P to Q 4th was the only possible move.

Black wins.

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MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESIGNATION.

THE CABINET AND TARIFF REFORM.

Mr. Chamberlain has resigned his office as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and a general election cannot now be far distant. The secret was well kept. He placed his portfolio at the Prime Minister's disposal on Sept. 9, and it was not till the evening of Sept. 17 that the news was generally known in London, though the inner circle of Mr. Chamberlain's friends in Birmingham were undoubtedly made acquainted with the way in which matters were going at an earlier date. At the same time the resignations of Mr. Ritchie as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord George Hamilton as Secretary of State for India were announced. Further resignations soon followed, and an unkind critic might observe that the Government's last state will resemble the famous pair of silk stockings which were darned so often that none of the original fabric remained.

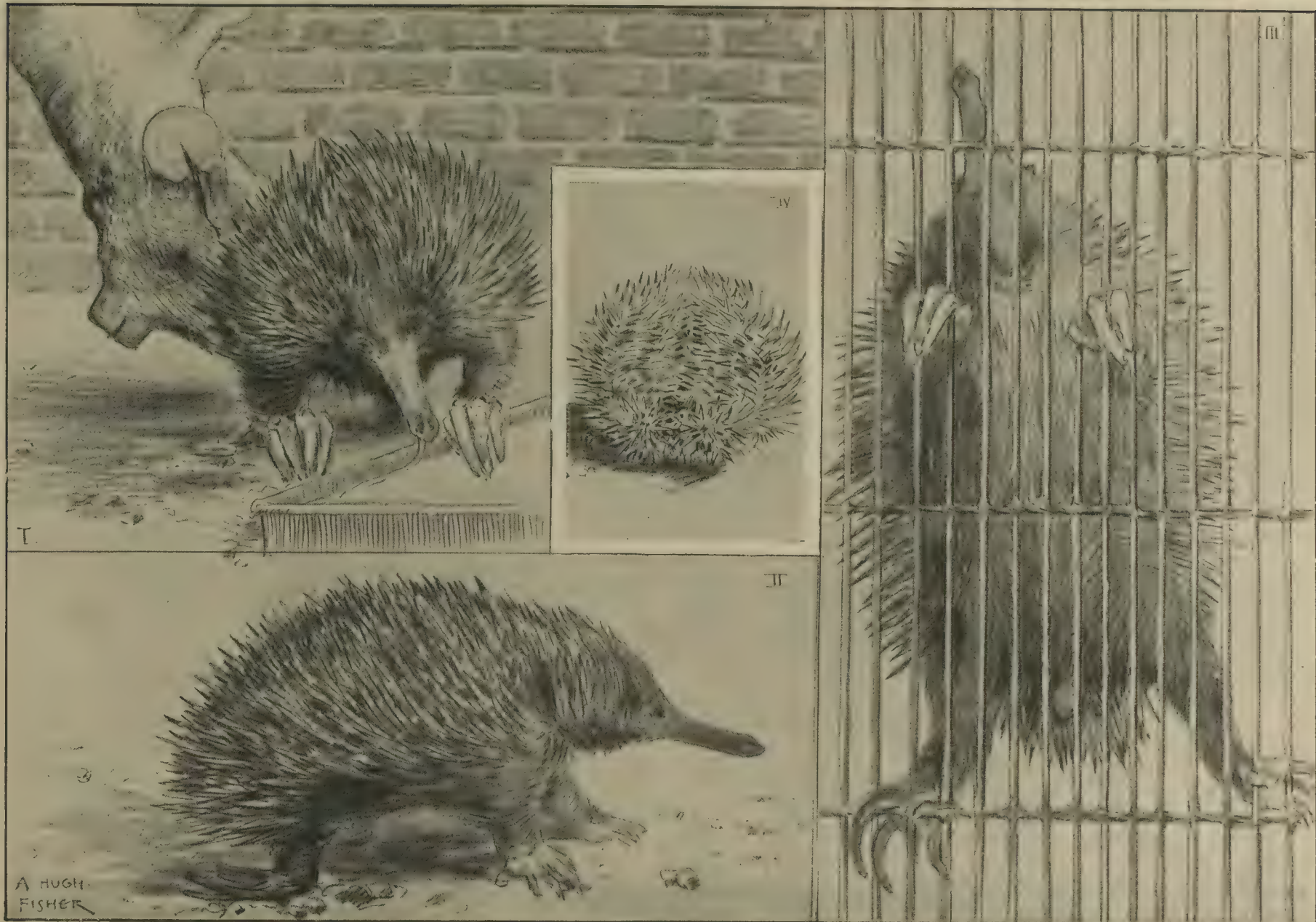
One great fact clearly emerges from the first resignations, and from the remarkable correspondence between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain which has been published—namely, that whether the old party names and watchwords of Liberal and Tory, Unionist and Home Ruler, survive for a time or not, the meaning of them has practically gone. A new issue has arisen on which future elections will be fought and future Ministries will be formed and will fall—that of Tariff Reform. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain both agree that, until the nation appreciates the importance of Colonial markets and the danger of losing them, it is hopeless to expect the constituencies to accept taxation, however light, upon food-stuffs such as would be necessarily required by any plan of giving Colonial products a preference in our markets. Mr. Balfour, while retaining his personal belief in preferential tariffs for the Colonies as a sort of pious opinion, prefers to adopt as his Ministerial and official policy that of retaliatory tariffs (if necessary) against foreign Protectionist countries. These two principal branches of Tariff Reform are explained below. Mr. Chamberlain thinks, and Mr. Balfour regretfully agrees, that, with absolute loyalty to the Government and its general policy, he will be better able to promote that closer commercial union with the Colonies which he has specially at heart from outside the Cabinet. He certainly could not have honourably remained in office as the price of submitting to the exclusion of what he feels to be the most important part of his political programme.

Mr. Balfour's pamphlet, "Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade," written with that air of philosophic detachment which is at once the most charming and the most irritating of the Prime Minister's characteristics, certainly had the effect at first of pouring oil on the troubled waters of fiscal controversy. The situation, indeed, has its humorous aspect. The Cabinet met on Monday and again on Tuesday week, amid some real popular excitement. Mr. Tadpole and Mr. Taper ran hither and thither, bursting with political secrets which they had no time to communicate; rumour arranged the resignations of half the Ministry; Parliamentary candidates brushed up their speeches and motor-cars, and even cool business men began to think the General Election nearer than they had anticipated. Into this electrical atmosphere our delightful Prime Minister throws a light and readable essay; and his brother, Mr. Gerald Balfour, from the Board of Trade, follows it up the next day with a most unreadable and ponderous Blue Book containing a perfect welter of statistical charts and tables. If many persons of education and intelligence confess themselves baffled and confused by the mass of assertions and arguments that have been put forward, what a state of mental fog must be the condition of the working-class electors, with whom the ultimate decision assuredly rests! To an impartial mind, the champions on both sides seem to be making the mistake of ignoring almost entirely one another's position and arguments—not an uncommon thing, to be sure, in political controversy. It may be of service, therefore, if we attempt here to state, as lucidly as possible, the really essential and fundamental issues of the problem.

Mr. Chamberlain's first object, which now becomes his own personal policy, is, by giving Colonial producers a preference in our markets, and receiving for our goods a corresponding advantage in Colonial markets, to make the British Empire a self-sufficing whole, capable at a pinch of being absolutely independent, commercially, of all foreign countries. Here Mr. Balfour's parallel case of the abolition of all internal tariffs between State and State of the American Union is particularly instructive, and he bitterly regrets that our fiscal reformers of sixty years ago did not take a correspondingly large view of the commercial possibilities of the British Empire. Mr. Chamberlain's second object, which becomes Mr. Balfour's and the Government's as well, is to arm the Government of the day with the power of imposing retaliatory tariffs on foreign goods brought to this country—such power to be used simply as a help in bargaining with foreign countries for better treatment of our goods in their markets.

If the Tariff Reformers have erred by indulging in cheap and easy prophecies of a Millennium to come, the Free Importers on their side are open to the charge of setting up the purely theoretical conclusions of some—not all—political economists as a fetish which it is sacrilege to attack. There has been no real attempt on the Free Trade side to deal with the revolutionary changes which have come over the whole aspect of trade and commerce since Cobden's day. The opponents of Mr. Chamberlain ought to explain how the creation of vast financial resources enabling goods to be sold for years at a dead loss in order to capture in the end a particular market, the thousand and one ways by which British trade is subjected to unfair competition in foreign countries, are to be regarded from a Free Trade point of view.

F. S. A. L.



1. THE ECHIDNA IMBIBING EGG AND MILK, SHOWING THE LONG NARROW TONGUE.
2. SIDE VIEW, SHOWING THE HIND FEET DOUBLED UNDER.

3. CLIMBING THE BARS
OF ITS CAGE.

4. VIEW FROM BEHIND, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF SPINES IN TWO ROSETTES AT THE
TAIL END AND INTERLACING OVER THE MIDDLE LINE OF THE BACK.

AN EGG-LAYING MAMMAL: THE ECHIDNA AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

The Echidna, a native of Australasia, is a link between the mammal and the reptile. It carries its egg in a pouch similar to that of a marsupial, and there it retains the young until it is three or four inches long. Its hind-feet are curiously reversed.



REALISM AT DRURY LANE: THE FLOOD SCENE IN THE GREAT AUTUMN DRAMA.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

Needless to say, "The Flood Tide," this year's sensation at the national playhouse, abounds in scenes of extraordinarily startling realism. A representation of a mighty flood is one of the triumphs of stage-craft.

LADIES' PAGE.

What London would do without the American women visitors at this time of year it is difficult to say. Their trim figures in neat and yet dressy tailor-made frocks pervade the town. You know the fair American at a glance, though you can hardly tell how you distinguish her; but there is a look of fragility combined with reserve strength that reminds me of a racehorse, and then there is a sort of independence of bearing, of self-reliance and assured confidence in the world's good intentions, that is characteristic—and charming. In the majority of cases the American ladies look after one another; but if there is a man in attendance he is truly attentive. The American husband is at the very antipodes from the common tramp of the English highway, who stalks along a few steps in advance of his unfortunate female companion, pretending that he has no connection with his follower, but taking care to burden her with all the bundles of the partnership. An observer on the Continent has declared that he could tell the nationality of a couple by the way in which they alight from a train. If the man jumps out and takes no more notice of the lady, they are Germans; if he allows her to descend first while he looks after the hand-baggage, they are English; but if he assists his wife down, and then darts back to fetch the packages, they are American. Sir Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Post*, in his amusing and observant book entitled, "That Reminds Me," says that he found all the American women convinced beyond the possibility of change of two things: first, that their husbands are the best in the world, and secondly, that Englishmen are gruff and discourteous to their own wives, if to no other women. Well, they are in the right as far as the first portion of the conviction is concerned, at any rate. It is matter for consideration whether the fine independence of the American woman is the cause or the effect of the nice treatment of the men.

It is a pity that our American visitors come over here so generally at the period when London, though at its best climatically, is socially empty and inert. This is the great obstacle to the success of the attempt that the late Sir Walter Besant used to urge, to found an Anglo-American Society on purpose to entertain travellers who come here from the other side of the ocean without personal introductions. It is a duty that rewards itself to entertain American guests; they are as a rule so bright and clever, so courteous and so expansive in friendliness and gracious feeling, that their company is reward sufficient for any little trouble that one may be put to in meeting and escorting them.

But if they will come in August and September there is nothing to take them to see except the ordinary sights. But they find those interesting enough. I have accompanied an American visitor this week to view a London sight that I had never seen myself before, and that is really worth visiting. Of course, it is newly opened, comparatively; for I am not one of those mistaken people who neglect to see all that is notable and grand in their own land while diligently visiting foreign places of interest. Before seeing the Pitti and the Vatican I had studied the National Gallery; I meditated in the temples of Egypt after I had studied the chief fane of the faith of my own land; before I visited the tombs of the Pharaohs I had stood beside those of the Kings of England at Westminster; before I watched spellbound the splendour and magnitude of Niagara's cataract I had visited Southey's little Falls of Lodore; the petrifying spring of Matlock preceded for me the wonderful geyser "formations" of the Yellowstone Valley in distant Wyoming; and before I looked abroad from Pilatus or scaled the daring heights of the Riffelalp or Murren, I had climbed Snowdon and seen the views from the ridge above the Weald of Kent and from the North Downs of Sussex, the moors of Scotland, and the peaks of Derbyshire and Yorkshire. What, then, did there remain that I had yet not seen in London, and that I believe nine-tenths of my town readers have also not visited? It was the State Apartments of Kensington Palace, the birth-place of Queen Victoria and the scene of her childhood's development.

The sentimental interest—we Victorians can hardly call it historical, but that it will be in time, of course—of the rooms in which the little girl lived and learned and played who was afterwards to preside worthily over the great and progressive story of nineteenth-century England is considerable; but besides that, the rooms contain a collection of pictures—rather a scratch company it is true, but not without interest—and also several personal relics of the good Queen. It would be a capital plan to increase the number of these latter and let the apartments serve as a Queen Victoria Memorial in a more personal and intimate sense than the St. James's Park Memorial Avenue will afford. There are a few oil-pictures of the events of the royal personal history, such as the marriage of the Queen, the baptism of the Princess Royal, the wedding of the same Princess, a visit of the Duke of Wellington to give a birthday-present to his namesake, Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, and others, for the most part familiar by means of engravings, but nevertheless interesting to see in the original. Possibly more such paintings may be added. The royal family have been recently annoyed by the fact that, owing to some mischance, Queen Victoria's dresses have been sold: some of her Court robes might perhaps be placed at Kensington as personal relics. Such things seem trivial at the moment, but gain a tender interest with time's passage. The King has recently sent there a grand pianoforte on which Queen Victoria used to

volumes from which the girl Queen learned political economy from the mind of one of her most distinguished women subjects. But perhaps the most touching and interesting of all the objects in the bookcase, however, is the account-book presented by the Duchess of Kent to her little daughter in which to keep the record of the expenditure of her first pocket-money left at her own disposal. There is a long inscription on the first page calling the little girl's attention to the usefulness of careful account-keeping and to the need for care and economy in spending, in order both to be able to give to others and to meet our own obligations and needs. The opposite page shows the first month's accounts neatly balanced, with 1s. 6d. to carry forward; and the items include "present for mamma, 17s.; put in a purse to give to the poor, £1; gave to a poor lady, £1." So wisely and carefully was the twig inclined to grow into the noble, sheltering tree—the child led towards the good, economical, loving, dutiful, and kindly nature of Queen Victoria. Justly might the mother describe herself, as she does on the fly-leaf of one of these little books, as her child's "true friend."

Dress on the stage always gives the latest news of fashion, and there is exceptionally smart dressing in "The Climbers," at the Comedy Theatre. The first act, where the widow's friends come to buy her Paris wardrobe, which she is precluded by her loss from wearing,

offers a special opportunity, and the best one of the three evening gowns, which the lady's maid wears to show it off, is a perfect triumph. It is of scarlet accordion-pleated silk chiffon, made exceedingly full. Round the skirt is a double band of white lace, picked out with ruchings, which give the effect of motifs without the "patchiness" that the medallion system is apt to induce. This same idea appears on some of the other gowns—the effect of medallions is given by trimming—so it may be considered one of the ideas of the moment. The scarlet gown in question has very full elbow-sleeves, and is trimmed on the bodice so as to carry on the pelérine effect that those sleeves convey. It is a truly beautiful gown, and the friend who buys it for fifty pounds gets a decided bargain. Miss Fannie Ward, who represents a very rich woman, wears her dresses well, and in the first act has a lovely harmony of pinkish mauve and deep purple-heliotrope

that is a study in colours; while in the evening-party scene in the next act her gown is a vision. It is of white Brussels lace, relieved with narrow lines of Russian sable; the rich dark-brown fur forms a true-lovers' knot on the front of the skirt, and a band of it

follows the folds all round the feet; the bodice is draped lace, fixed with a large diamond bow at the front, and the almost square décolletage is edged round with the brown fur, which comes with good effect against the skin; a diamond waistbelt and tiara give a sumptuous finish. Miss Lottie Venne's evening gown is very showy, but really in good taste; it is of orange chiffon, sprinkled with bright gold paillettes of the tiniest description, and trimmed down the front with Empire wreaths constructed of golden-brown satin ribbon, while round the feet are lace motifs. This is finished here and there, on the sleeves, at places round the foot of the skirt, and elsewhere, not obtrusively but effectively, with good-sized tassels in heavy gold bullion. A striking black-and-white evening gown appears at the same party; it is of white net sewn with the tiniest jet paillettes, and striped down with black velvet, held on with jetted black lace motifs, all laid over white satin. There are equally new and good day-gowns, a grey cloth with three small flounces of itself headed with blue galon being one of the best; but it is quite a lesson in fashions all through.

A capital design for an autumn gown is shown in one of our illustrations. It is of light cloth, the top of the skirt plain, and the full lower portion set in deep pleats headed with cords and tassels. The bolero is finished with a lace cape and similar cords. The other garment depicted is a stylish coat of light cloth, trimmed with medallions of velvet of a darker shade and cords.

FILOMENA.



A CAPITAL DESIGN FOR AUTUMN.

A NEW CLOTH COAT.

play; and there are also some of her childish toys, and a collection of her books, selected from the library at Buckingham Palace or Windsor either for their regally fine bindings or their interest as presentation copies from the authors, or for their inscriptions.

Several of the last-mentioned were given by the Queen to her mother, or the reverse. The Duchess of Kent's inscriptions in the volumes given to her daughter are always in English, and are worded with a devoted affection that makes the page still breathe with the maternal love that watched over the early years of the fortunate Queen. There is one little book given by the mother to the daughter on the eve of her Confirmation, and another the day after the same event; there are works by many of the women authors of the Victorian era: Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England," books by Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Browning; there is a complete set of Harriet Martineau's "Political Economy Tales," which is of special interest because the young Princess, who was not allowed to read novels or stories as a rule, was enchanted at receiving this series, wherein political economy was taught in the fascinating guise of fiction. Miss Martineau was told by Lord Brougham that he was visiting the Duchess of Kent when the young Princess came "with a hop, skip, and jump" to show her mother the advertisement of a new series of these tales, which would renew the pleasure she enjoyed in them—and presumably those now at Kensington are the very

VAN:HOUTEN'S COCOA



THE BEST JUDGES
USE NO OTHER

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishops of Wakefield, Winchester, and Rochester have returned from their holidays, and the Bishop of London is expected at Fulham before Oct. 1. He will institute Prebendary Shelford to St. Martin's on Monday week.

A beautiful white marble tablet in memory of Dr. Parker has been placed near the door of the deacon's

on behalf of the suffering Christians of Macedonia. He announced that Canon MacColl would preach on Macedonia last Sunday at St. Mark's, Marylebone Road.

Father Adderley, the Vicar of St. Mark's, like the Bishops of Durham and Worcester, has been stirred to keenest sympathy by the crisis. Writing in the *Church Times*, he suggests that the Bishops should appoint a day of prayer in connection with the Eastern troubles.

Dr. Lyttelton, who was Vicar of the parish for five years (1893-98). Dr. Lyttelton had expressed a wish that no public memorial should be associated with his name, and the parishioners have therefore confined themselves to this simple tribute of regard.

The secession to Rome of the Rev. Hugh Benson, son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, has attracted widespread public interest. Mr. Benson has since the early



THE COMPETING CARS IN THE SQUARE, MARGATE, SEPTEMBER 18.



THE COMPETING CARS OUTSIDE THE GRAND HOTEL, EASTBOURNE, SEPTEMBER 19.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE MOTOR-CAR TRIALS: SCENES OF THE RUNS TO MARGATE AND EASTBOURNE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARGENT ARCHER.

In the first run of the 1000-mile reliability trials, 104 cars started from Sydenham for Margate, and of these nineteen cars did the distance and back without stopping. During the run back from Eastbourne on the following day, extra marks were given for the climbing of the difficult ascent, Betson's Hill, which has in places a gradient of one in eight.

vestry at the City Temple. A long and touching inscription closes with the words with which Sir Christopher Wren is honoured in St. Paul's Cathedral: "Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell resumed his Thursday service last week, when the crowds were so enormous that the pavement at the Holborn entrance was blocked for nearly an hour before the service began, while hundreds were turned away. Mr. Campbell did not preach his usual sermon, but made an earnest appeal

"During the negotiations before the Boer War at least two requests were made to the Bishops to order public prayers for the nation's guidance, but nothing was done. Do not let us make another mistake, and, when it is too late, regret that, as a Church, we did nothing in time. Laymen, some of them not particularly ecclesiastical, are working and praying day and night in this matter. Let us join with them."

A brass tablet has just been placed in Eccles Parish Church in memory of the late Bishop of Southampton,

days of its formation by Dr. Gore been connected with the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, and was an active mover in founding the theological college associated with it. The *Record* notes that the last son of an English Bishop to join the Church of Rome was Mr. Algar Thorold, in 1884.

The Rev. Montague Fowler has resigned the editorship of "Crockford's Clerical Directory," to which he was appointed on the death of the late Prebendary Sidebotham.

LORDS IN COUNCIL.

In the Committee-rooms of the Houses of Parliament the members of the Legislature meet to discuss matters of moment in a non-spectacular manner, for their deliberations are conducted in private without the presence of the reporter, through whose agency the proceedings of Parliament are made the property of the nation at large. Of all the Committee-rooms—and there are several—the one which, it is safe to say, the public knows best by repute is the famous No. 13, in which the members of the Irish Party used to meet, and there some of the most striking episodes in the history of our time took place when the late Charles Stewart Parnell was the leader of that section of the House and was everywhere hailed as the uncrowned King of Ireland.

Plain, simple rooms are these Committee-rooms, like the one in the Illustration, in which are gathered together several members of the Upper House. Among the varied subjects which such men have to consider, none are of more vital importance than those which concern the health of the nation; for though it is an axiom that you cannot make people moral by Act of Parliament, it is nevertheless a fact that you can make them healthy if only by banishing the causes which tend towards disease.

How, it will be asked, can this be done? Among many ways there is one which is very simple. The mouth of the consumptive necessarily harbours many germs of the disease, and, though it seems scarcely credible, it is nevertheless a fact that few people breathe in a proper way—through the nostrils alone—but take in a considerable part of the air they need through the mouth. In this way the germs of consumption and other diseases get into the mouth, and finding there, in the interstices between the teeth and on the gums, tiny particles of food which have remained since the last meal, obtain the best possible conditions for increasing and multiplying in the extraordinarily rapid manner which is their characteristic, thus adding another possible mode of infection to the more ordinarily recognised ones.

It therefore follows, "as the night the day," that by keeping the mouth absolutely clean, the microbes are deprived of this feeding-ground; while if they can be killed off as they enter the mouth the possibility of their doing any harm becomes nil.

Happily, every one of these conditions is to be obtained by the use of Odol, the famous dentifrice and mouthwash, which each of the well-known noblemen whose pictures appear in the Illustration has endorsed in

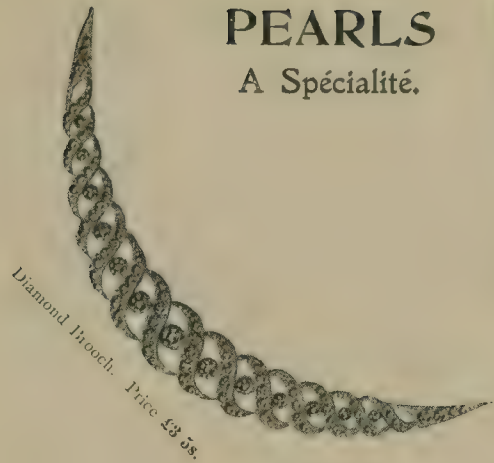
the most exceptional manner. The Duke of Argyll, to whom belongs priority of place by his rank, apart altogether from the fact that he is the King's brother-in-law, has caused his secretary to write that "Odol appears to him an excellent preparation"; while the Earl of Carlisle writes: "I have tried Odol, and find that it is a pleasant mouth-wash"; and the Earl of Dartmouth, who, as the Hon. William Heneage Legge, was for many years a member of the House of Commons, also states: "I have tried Odol, and like it." Lord Burton, too, the head of the great brewing firm of Bass, goes even farther than this, for he writes: "I am using Odol regularly, and think highly of it"; while Lord Avebury,

whose name future generations of working-men will keep alive as long as a single Bank Holiday is preserved to the nation, gives his opinion in the words, "I find Odol very pleasant." Pleasant and agreeable it undoubtedly is, besides being an antiseptic of the most powerful, yet harmless, character, and for this reason it is the ideal dentifrice. Every sensible man should therefore, for his own sake, pay the greatest attention to the subject, and make the members of his household do the same; for health is the greatest wealth, not only of the individual, but of the State, and no national supremacy can be ours if we become bankrupt in health.



PEARLS

A Spécialité.



Diamond Brooch. Price £3 5s.



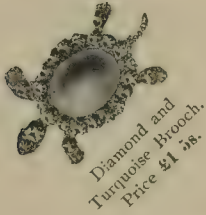
New Diamond and Tortoiseshell Combs. From £1 5s.

PEARLS

A Spécialité.



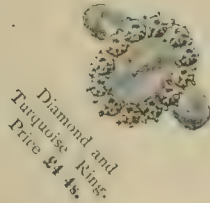
Diamond Brooch. Price £2 15s.



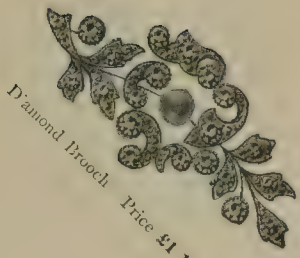
Diamond and Turquoise Brooch. Price £1 5s.



Diamond and Turquoise Earrings. Price £4 4s.



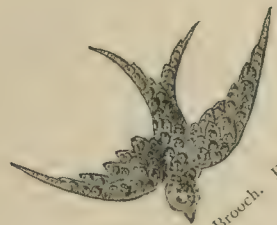
Diamond and Turquoise Ring. Price £4 4s.



Diamond Brooch. Price £1 15s.



Diamond Necklaces. From £3.



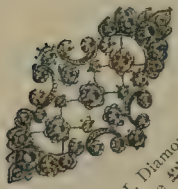
Diamond Brooch. Price £5s.



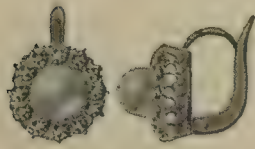
The New Diamond Pendants, with Platinum Chain. From £3.



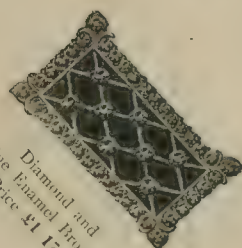
The New Diamond Pendants, with Platinum Chain. From £3.



Louis XVI. Diamond Brooch. Price £2 2s.



Diamond and Pearl Earrings. Price £3 15s.



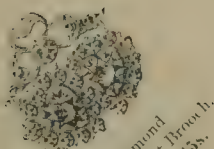
Diamond and Blue Enamel Brooch. Price £1 17s.



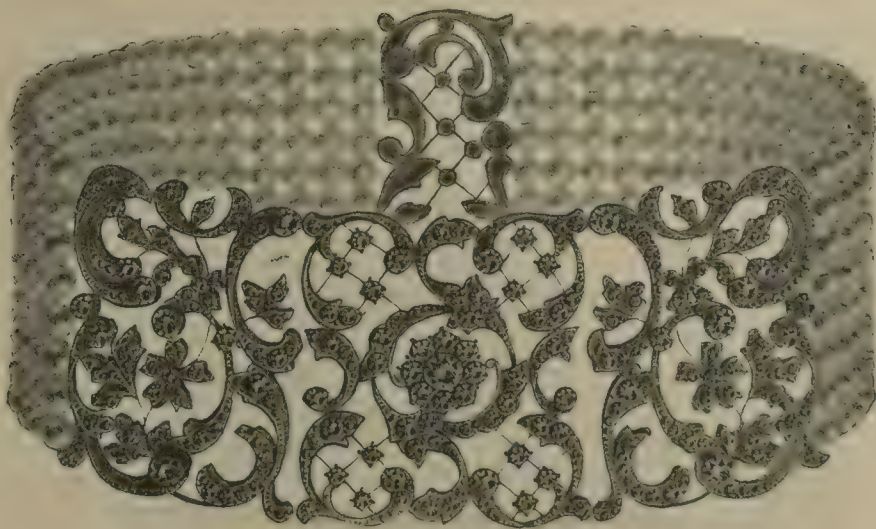
Diamond Hat Pin. Price £1 10s.



Diamond Hat Pin. Price £1 10s.



Diamond Marie Stuart Brooch. Price £1 15s.



Diamond and Pearl Collars. From £3.



Emerald and Diamond Ring. Price £4 10s.

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THE SPARROW-HAWK'S CHASE.

The sparrow-hawk, looking down from the tip of an elm, where his favourite perch has been beaten bare of leaves in his turbulent risings and alightings, stretches first one curved wing and then the other, with what must be a gratifying sense of power. It must be exhilarating to swoop from his spy-tower, dash across the hazels, drop between their green walls, and skim along their grassy drives, to see the rabbits spring away and the pheasants creep to cover, and hear the news spread through the copse that he, the hawk, has passed—passed out on to the open down, where the birds get up with a clamour and a cry before his face, to feel his talons go home at last. But his life is not all glory: often must he return hungry and humiliated to his elm-top, defeated, even pursued, by those who dread him most. The titmice, the martins and sparrows, how they dog his flight, how they baffle and persecute him!

Yesterday, when morning had broken among the tall trees and roused the hazel-copse to a stir of expectancy, he took wing, meeting the homeward-bound owl, who haunts his ground at night, and beat round the covert and up and down its lonely drives. Rabbits watching among the briars as the day came in crouched as he went by; a baby, unpractised in the art of lying low, started back against its mother when the hawk's quills dashed dew on it, thinking its last moment had come. It was not wrong, for the ever-searching eyes of a fox, slinking towards his earth through distant shadows, marked the movement, and he crept up-wind, to slay them both for sport, being already fully fed. In the short instant of their pain the stampede for burrows began and

ended; the winged hunter heard the rush in the undergrowth, and could not follow, so flung himself out on to the grey down, hoping for better fortune. But here parent rabbits had led their children, weary of play, to the gorse-bushes; little birds were still preening in secret: hark to the rustle of hidden

beat along the hedgerows, to turn suddenly through a gap—a flock of fieldfares would surely be feeding here. But no; he found himself among the rooks, who always repel him with fury because, living in peaceful brotherhood, they hate the sign of strife. Indeed, they and the daws, who love their company, may have private grudges against this very hawk's fierce lady; howbeit they now rose with a resounding shout that sent the starlings far and near flocking to the sky. The hunter swung himself above the crowd, and looked upon its members, great and small, giddily shifting and changing their course, and loudly reviling him. Turn where he would, they kept beneath him; the sun appeared over the crest of the down to pour its light into the molly multitude gathered against one, and show his confusion to the fields. They were scoffing at his menacing poise, daring him to stoop. He did not hesitate long before resorting to flight. A party of little desperadoes tumbled after him to buffet him with their wings; the rooks clustered on the nearest tree-tops to watch him out of sight.

As he sped away, riding the winds so easily, he marked another black flock revolving against the horizon; their defiant uproar reached his ears, and those, no doubt, of most other birds in the countryside. Clearly his own race meant him to fast this morning; but he was not dependent upon them. He dropped to his lowest possible level, and crossed and recrossed the fields

swift as ever, yet nothing that moved in furrow or stubble escaped his eye. Had his appetite been less keen, he would hardly have thought it worth while to close his fierce talons at last upon the tiny harvest-mouse in the act of peeping out of his burrow. The little mouse-wife, watching within, saw two blades of



THE RESCUE OF LEBAUDY'S "SAHARA EMPIRE" FOLLOWERS BY THE "GALILEE": A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY BEFORE THE MOORISH AUTHORITIES ON BOARD THE FRENCH CRUISER.

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feathers—poor friend, how lonely is the world at dawn! The stoats and weasels peered out at him from their resting-places. Had he sought advice of them, they would have asked him why he wasted all the night. He went on to cultivated fields, his form showing duskily against the silver East as he swept the sky-line. He

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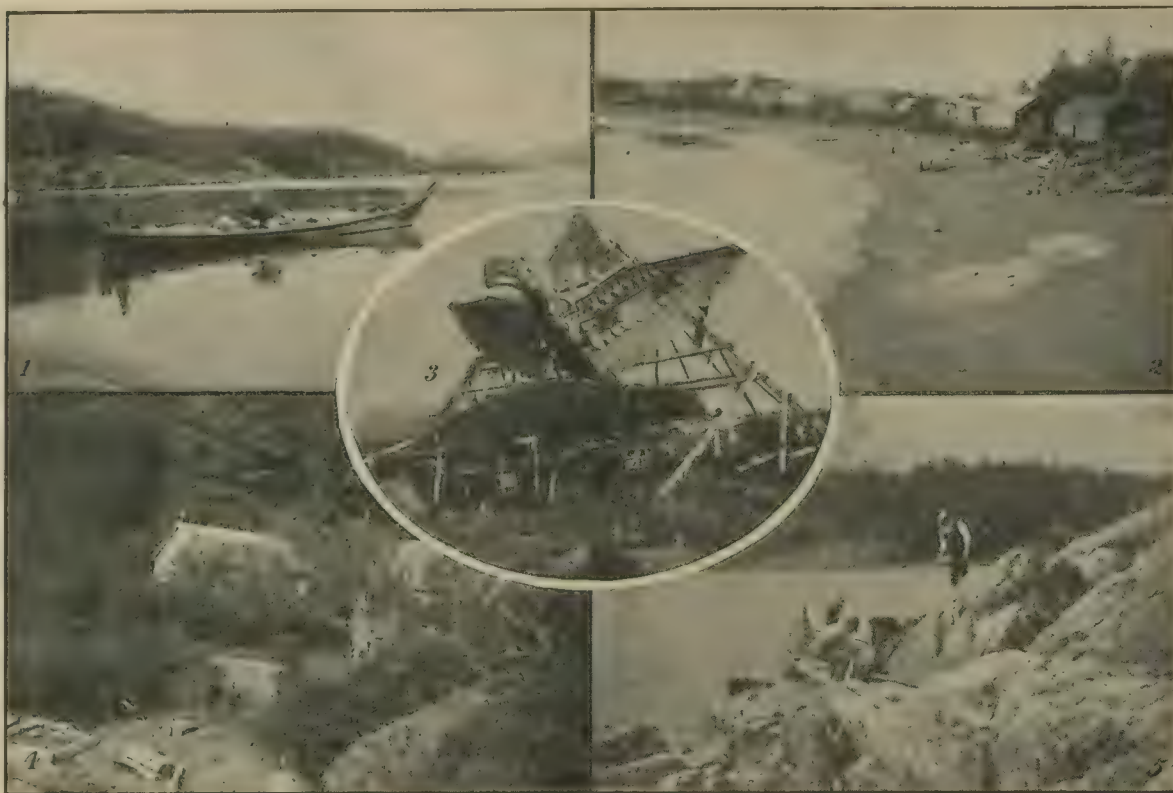
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grass torn from her portière as his fingers tightened in their dying grip. This mouthful devoured, to wing again, and back by a wide curve up the hill, noiselessly round three sides of the hazel-copse, whence finches and titmice peeped out at him, cowering among thick comfortable leaves. His heart beat excitedly as stroke after stroke of vigorous pinions hurled him onward and still no warning cry was raised: he would take this last corner quickly as the winds that thrust him forward, and dash out unproclaimed on to the far slope of the down—the down where slowworms crawled forth in the sunshine, where furze-chats would be looking on the world from the tops of their prickly bushes. Swift and silent he rounded the bend, and lo! for the tenth of a second the promised picture indeed spread before his eyes: the little birds were on the gorse-bushes, puffing their rosy waistcoats prosperously, the white collars shining under their velvet caps. He saw in that brief pleasant flash a slowworm blithely wriggling along a bank, and a lizard dozing under a fringe of the coarse herbage. But, oh vanishing dream! A ring-dove shot upward from the turf like a rocket, clapping his wings beneath him with all his might, and the next



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4. A CHAPEL AT FRIENDLY.
5. UNLOADING THE VANCOUVER MONUMENT FROM AN INDIAN WAR-CANOE.

A UNITED STATES TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH EXPLORER VANCOUVER BY AN AMERICAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The Washington University State Historical Society has recently erected a monument at Nootka, to recall the negotiations between the British explorer Vancouver and the Spanish Captain Quadra, in August 1792. The memorial now stands on a solid rock on the crest of a little islet at the entrance to Friendly Cove. The curious Indian monument which we also illustrate was erected some years ago to the memory of the Indian Chief Maquina, a contemporary of Vancouver's.

moment the hunter swung over a weary waste, pursued by indignant voices indeed, but alone. Yet, though unspeakably annoyed, no doubt he did not lose courage, for that warning, temporarily so effective, could not ring far.

Such reasons for reassurance were verified when, at the foot of the down, he brushed over a hedge to descend in the same breath upon a poor thrush, brokenly piping a winter song, his dreamy eyes forlornly searching the sky as though to find there the secrets that fired his melody a few months ago. The victim's cries as it was borne up to the elm pierced the hazel deep, causing the cruel captor further exultation in the volleys of vituperation that reached him from that peaceful city. On his accustomed perch, his dead quarry in his talons, he spoke for the first time since his awakening, calling his glee in a rollicking, laughing shout that all might hear.

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MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts are continuing their high standard of intention and achievement, and have made September a most attractive month for Londoners who have returned to town. The week's programmes promised a new symphonic poem on Tuesday, "Into the Everlasting," by Mr. Rutland Boughton; a "Suite Vénétienne," by Mr. W. H. Reed on Thursday; and on Saturday a pianoforte concerto in B minor by Mr. Algernon Ashton. On Thursday, by desire, "Ein Heldenleben" of Herr Richard Strauss, or Dr. Strauss, as he has recently become, was down for performance. Dr. Strauss has received this honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Heidelberg University, and in the diploma it is enunciated that he is "one who, by important innovations and extraordinary skill, has increased and enriched the art intimately related to that of poetry." The Philosophy degree is given because the Heidelberg University holds no power of granting a degree of Doctor of Music. At the Musical Festival of Heidelberg next month Dr. Strauss, in graceful recognition of the honour the University has conferred on him, will produce his

new setting of Uhland's ballad, "Taillefer," which he has dedicated to the University.

On Saturday, Sept. 19, the chief feature at the Promenade Concert was the performance of the Symphony in D minor (No. 1) of M. Alexandre Guilmant, scored for the organ and orchestra. In this form it is seldom given, though as a sonata for the organ alone it is perhaps one of the most familiar items of an organ recital. As a concerto it was performed for the first time in the August of 1878, at one of the Trocadéro Concerts in Paris. Mr. F. B. Kiddle played the solo organ part with delightful phrasing and delicacy of touch. This met with prolonged applause, as did the performance of the "Theme with Variations and Rondo" from Mozart's "Serenade" in B flat for wind instruments. The orchestra acquitted itself admirably.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company season, which, it is gratifying to hear, has again been financially successful, as well as deservedly popular, nears an end during this current week, and includes a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" on Friday, and a first production of Mr. MacAlpin's new opera, "The Cross and the Crescent." It is a prize opera, and Mr. MacAlpin, who is a Leicestershire man, and formerly assistant organist at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, is now the

organist and choir-master of a Presbyterian church in Clapham. The prize is £250 and ten per cent. of all profits at each performance. The libretto is Mr. J. Davidson's English version of M. François Coppée's "Pour la Couronne," which, under the title "For the Crown," was given as a play at the Lyceum Theatre some seven years ago. This opera, owing to insufficient rehearsals, had been postponed from the Thursday of last week. M. I. H.

We are asked to mention that the copyright of the painting entitled "More White than Whitest Lilies Far," which appeared in our issue of Aug. 15, belongs to F. Hanfstaengl, Munich, Copyright 1896.

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The will (dated Nov. 26, 1891), with three codicils (dated Feb. 16, 1893, and Feb. 11 and Sept. 11, 1895), of Lord Salisbury, K.G., of Hatfield House, 20, Arlington Street, W., and Cranborne Manor, who died on Aug. 22, was proved on Sept. 15 by James Edward Hubert Gascoyne, now fourth Marquess of Salisbury, and Lord Edgar Algernon Robert Gascoyne-Cecil, K.C., the sons, the value of the estate being £310,336. Having settled sums amounting to £25,000 on his daughter Countess Selborne, he now gives to her £1000; to his daughter Lady Gwendolen Cecil £11,000; to each of his grandchildren £500; to his brother Lord Eustace Cecil £1000; and to Sir Richard Nicholson £500. All his securities at his bankers, and the balances of accounts thereat, the

policies of insurance on his life, the securities in the iron safe in Arlington Street, and the arrears of rent he gives to his sons Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Edward Cecil, Lord Hugh Cecil, and the Rev. Lord William Cecil. The testator devises all the real estate over which he has a power of disposal to the trustees of the settlement of the family estates, and his jewels and diamonds are to devolve therewith as heirlooms. The residue of his property in England he leaves to his eldest son. Lord Salisbury states that his real and personal estate in France is to pass by a will made in accordance with French law.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1899), with a codicil (dated Dec. 19, 1900), of Mr. Stephen Williamson, of Copley, Thornton Hough, Chester, and Glenogil, Forfar, formerly of Messrs. Balfour, Williamson, and Co., Liverpool,

merchants and shipowners, who died on June 17, was proved on Sept. 8 by Mrs. Annie Williamson, the widow, Archibald Williamson and Thomas Guthrie Williamson, the sons, Alexander Guthrie, and Ernest Freshfield Dent, five of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £338,411. The testator gives £5000 to his wife, to be used or not, as she may think fit, for Liverpool charities, the central and local funds of the English Presbyterian Church, and his servants. He also gives to her the household and personal effects at Copley, the use of his residence or the rent thereof should she cease to live there, and an annuity of £8000, and he hoped that she would be able to devote a reasonable portion thereof for charitable purposes, chiefly in Liverpool, and especially that she may contribute liberally to the English Presbyterian Church and its

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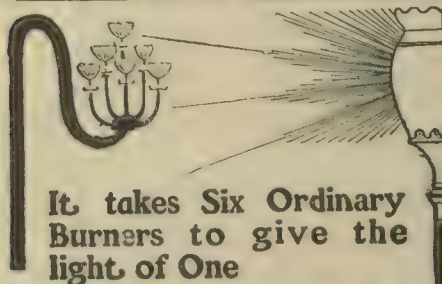
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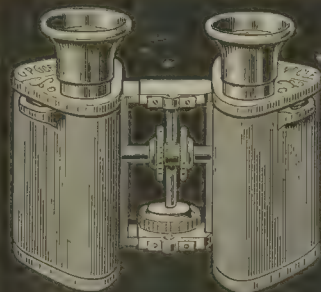
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foreign missions. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated July 2, 1891), with two codicils (dated Oct. 27, 1892, and July 26, 1902), of Mr. Charles Emanuel Goodhart, of Langley Park, Beckenham, who died on July 22, was proved on Sept. 10 by Mrs. Agatha Margaret Goodhart, the widow, Emanuel Charles Goodhart and Frederick Emanuel McCormick Goodhart, the sons, and Robert Henryson Caird, the executors, the value of the estate being £167,299. The testator bequeaths £1000, the household effects, and the use and enjoyment of Langley Park, £300 for distribution among the servants, and an annuity of £1500 to his wife; £7000, in trust, for his daughter Charlotte

Elizabeth Kean; the income from £4000 to his daughter Emily Anne Goodhart; and the income from £7000 to his daughter Mary Christina Austin. He appoints certain settlement funds to his children, and leaves the residue of his property to his sons Emanuel Charles, Frederick Emanuel, George Imson, John Stella, Gavin Caird, Herbert Lindsey, and Burford Henryson, part of the share of his son Emanuel to be 100 shares in the Phoenix Insurance Company, and of his son Frederick Emanuel 750 shares in the Pelican Insurance Company.

The will (dated Aug. 21, 1895), with two codicils (dated April 11, 1901, and March 31, 1903), of Mr. Walter Tom Owbridge, of Cottingham Grange, Cottingham, and of Hull, chemist, who died on June 22, was

proved on Sept. 10 by Mrs. Emma Owbridge, the widow, Edward Francis Ingleby, and Frederick William Owbridge, the executors, the value of the estate being £112,214. The testator bequeaths the household and domestic effects and, while she remains his widow, the use of Cottingham Grange to his wife; an annuity of £52 to his aunt Letitia Driffild; £100 to Edward Francis Ingleby; £500 to his nephew Frederick; and £200 to his manager, William H. Turner. The residue of his property he leaves between his wife and his children, by his former wife, Mrs. Owbridge's share to be held, in trust, to pay the income thereof to her for life or widowhood, or £200 per annum should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children by her.

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The only Ladies' Pen.
Clean to carry, clean to fill.
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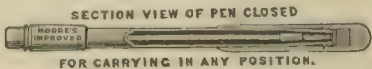
Warranted not to leak when carried in any position in the pocket. Writes immediately. Never fails.

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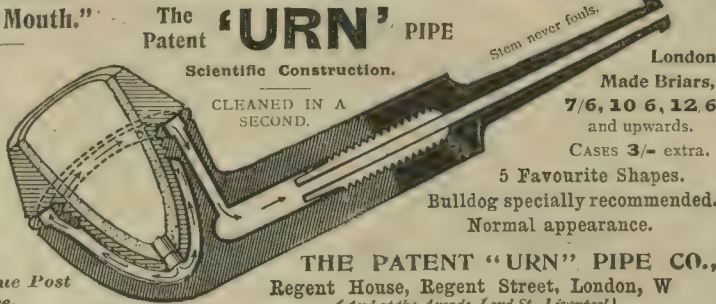
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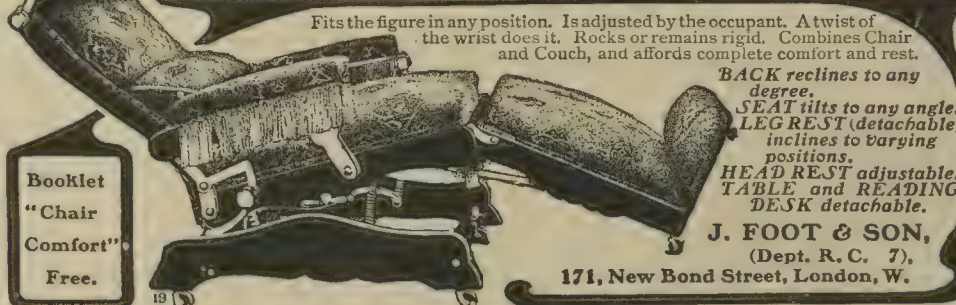
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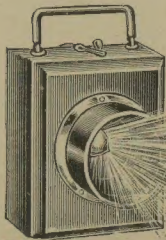
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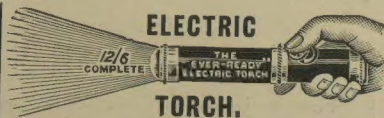
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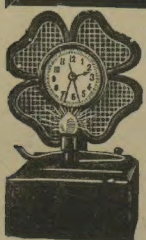
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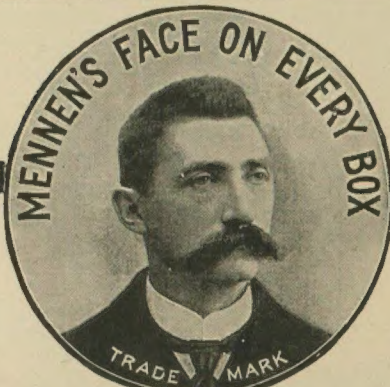
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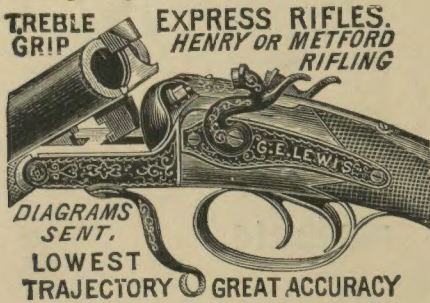
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The price to be paid by the public will thus be increased by more than 100 per cent.

For the present the Encyclopædia Britannica may still be obtained, by prompt subscribers, for a trifling first payment, to be followed by twenty-seven small monthly payments. This sale at less than half-price will be continued until Dec. 19, the latest possible date; unless the stock in hand shall, as seems probable, be exhausted before that date; in which case the offer will be withdrawn on an even earlier day.

Those who have not yet procured the Encyclopædia Britannica must therefore ask themselves whether they will subscribe now, while the monthly payment system is still in force, or whether they will, a few weeks hence, pay more than double the present price, without the convenient alternative of the instalment system.

The offer of "The Times" to supply the Encyclopædia Britannica to the public at half-price, and for instalment payments, will be withdrawn on December 19.

On that date all the special arrangements for the sale of the Encyclopædia Britannica will come to an end absolutely, and the work will thereafter be sold, as it was before "The Times" took it in hand, by booksellers only, in the ordinary course of trade. The lowest price will then be £57 (net) for the cloth binding—more than double the present price. For the time being subscriptions will still be accepted by "The Times" at the half-price; and if you are prompt you may still avail yourself of the serial payment system, by which you obtain immediate possession of the volumes for a trifling sum and complete the purchase by only twenty-seven small monthly payments.

The Price to be Doubled.

The position of the reader to whom this startling announcement has been made is that of a man to whom is offered an investment that not only yields certain dividends, but that must at once rise in value. The subscriber who procures the Encyclopædia Britannica to-day is not only buying something that is intrinsically worth more than its present price, something for which his neighbours will soon be paying more, but he is buying something that he could, if he chose, sell again for probably double what it cost him.

At first sight it seems an arbitrary proceeding to announce that on a certain day the price of the national work of reference will be doubled. But it must be remembered that the advantages enjoyed by those who to-day obtain the Encyclopædia Britannica for monthly payments, and practically at cost, are in fact mere borrowings from the future, and that it would not be possible to sell the volumes during the next few weeks upon these terms were it not that other copies are afterwards to be sold through the usual channels of trade at prices which will yield a fair profit to "The Times."

The change of price is neither arbitrary nor unreasonable. The abnormal price is that at which "The Times" now supplies the volumes. This price, in itself incredibly small, is an even greater departure from the ordinary course of book prices than it seems to be, for "The Times" not only names a low price, but names it in conjunction with the system of instalment payments, a system which in all trades carries with it the idea of exorbitant prices.

The lowness of the prices, which seemed to the bookselling trade almost as astounding as the system of monthly payments (a system that they prophesied would be absolutely unworkable), was rendered possible by three factors, the first being the anticipation of a future sale at a good profit; the second, the fact that the volumes have been printed and bound in very large quantities (the cost of manufacture being very greatly reduced by the adoption of this method); and the third, that the Encyclopædia Britannica is supplied direct by "The Times" to the subscriber, so that the usual profits of the bookseller are altogether eliminated from the transaction.

Of these three factors the one which concerns you most is the first, for it is chiefly because a large sale with a good profit is anticipated hereafter that "The Times" offers you the Encyclopædia Britannica to-day practically at cost. If you buy to-day, someone else will pay "The Times" its profit upon your copy instead of your paying it. You receive a premium for promptness; he is fined for want of promptness.

It is certain that this change in price to £57 net for the cloth binding will take place on the 19th, if not sooner. The price for the half-morocco binding will then be £69; for the three-quarter levant binding, £79; for the full-morocco binding, £101. Yet any one of them may be obtained to-day direct from "The Times" at less than half these prices.

The way to avoid paying double the present price is to make use of the accompanying inquiry form without a moment's delay.

YOU CAN ONLY HOPE TO BE IN TIME IF YOU ATTEND TO THIS AT ONCE.

This Inquiry Form can be sent in an open envelope for £d., and should be addressed to The MANAGER, "The Times," Publication Department, Printing House Square, London, E.C. N.B.—At this last moment it is particularly requested that no one who has already received the descriptive book will apply for it again, and that those who now ask for it will use the stamped envelope enclosed with it for its return. No more copies of this descriptive book can be printed, and only a few thousands remain to be sent out to inquirers.

Please strike out one of these two paragraphs

Please send me an Order Form to sign. I have already seen full particulars and the descriptive book.

Please send me full particulars of the offer which is to close on December 19, and the illustrated book describing the recently completed Encyclopædia Britannica. This book I will return to you, within three days of its receipt, in the stamped and addressed cover you enclose with it.

Name.....
(Please write clearly.)

Address.....

IL 67

Rank or Occupation

The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force!! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty,
And love was Law.'

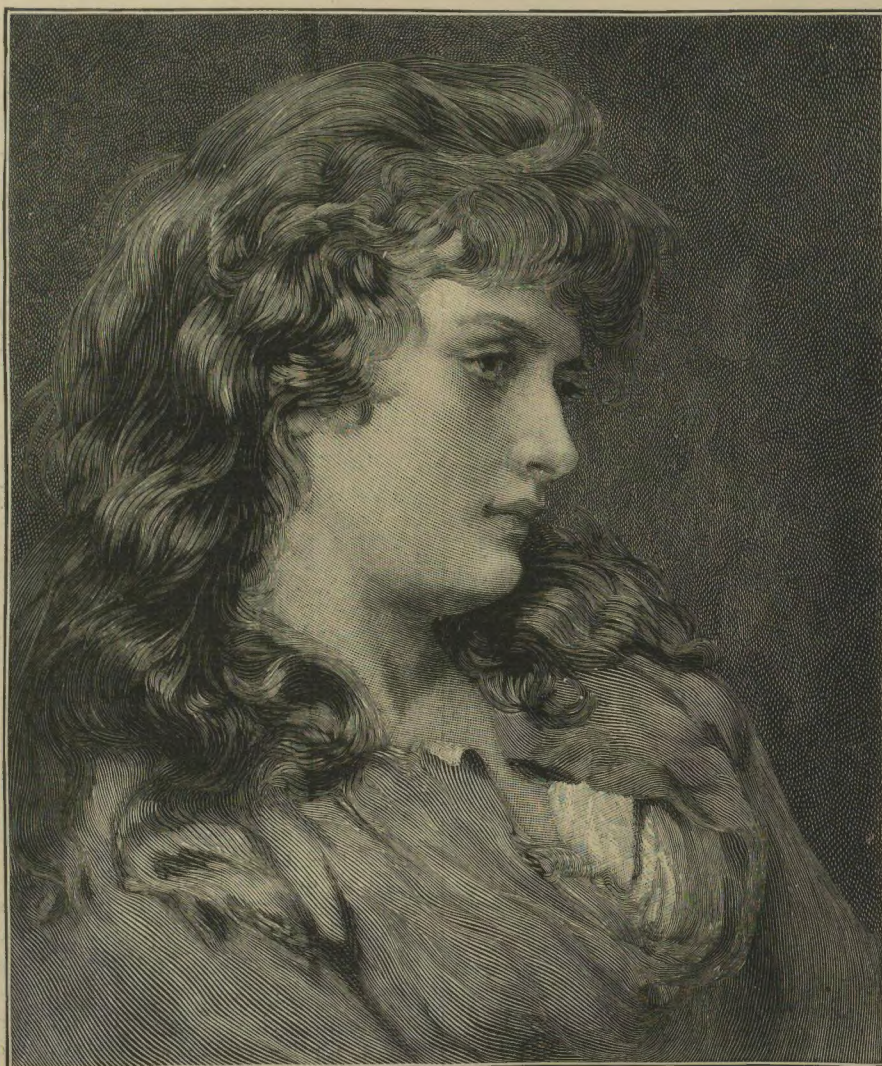
ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
"That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks, so fine,
"And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
"My brother should sail a painted boat;
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
"And the baby should have a new toy each
day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in Court an old love tune:
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah that I was free again!
"Free, as when I rode that day,
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?
THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as 'FRUIT SALT' to check disease at the onset! Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let it be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. It is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

The use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Rectifies the Stomach and makes the Liver laugh with joy!

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.—Cavendish Square, W.: Oct. 26, 1894. "Dear Sir,—I have recently returned from Eastern Equatorial Africa, where I lived for upwards of twelve years. I enjoyed phenomenal health, and in my opinion it was undoubtedly owing to the daily use of your 'FRUIT SALT,' the beneficial qualities of which I had previously found in England. I have no hesitation in saying that my life was preserved by it. On my way home I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, the sea was rough, and the ship's medical attendant was (as that officer usually is) prostrate with *mal de mer*, and unable to attend to anyone. The fever gained and gained on me, but after a few doses of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' I at last fell into a refreshing sleep, and found on awakening that the intense thirst had gone, and before long I had arrived at Aden as well as I had ever been in my life.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, ANGLO-AFRICAN."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered or Feverish condition, or for Sea-Sickness, is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—Examine the Bottle and Capsule, and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Otherwise you have a WORTHLESS Imitation.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.